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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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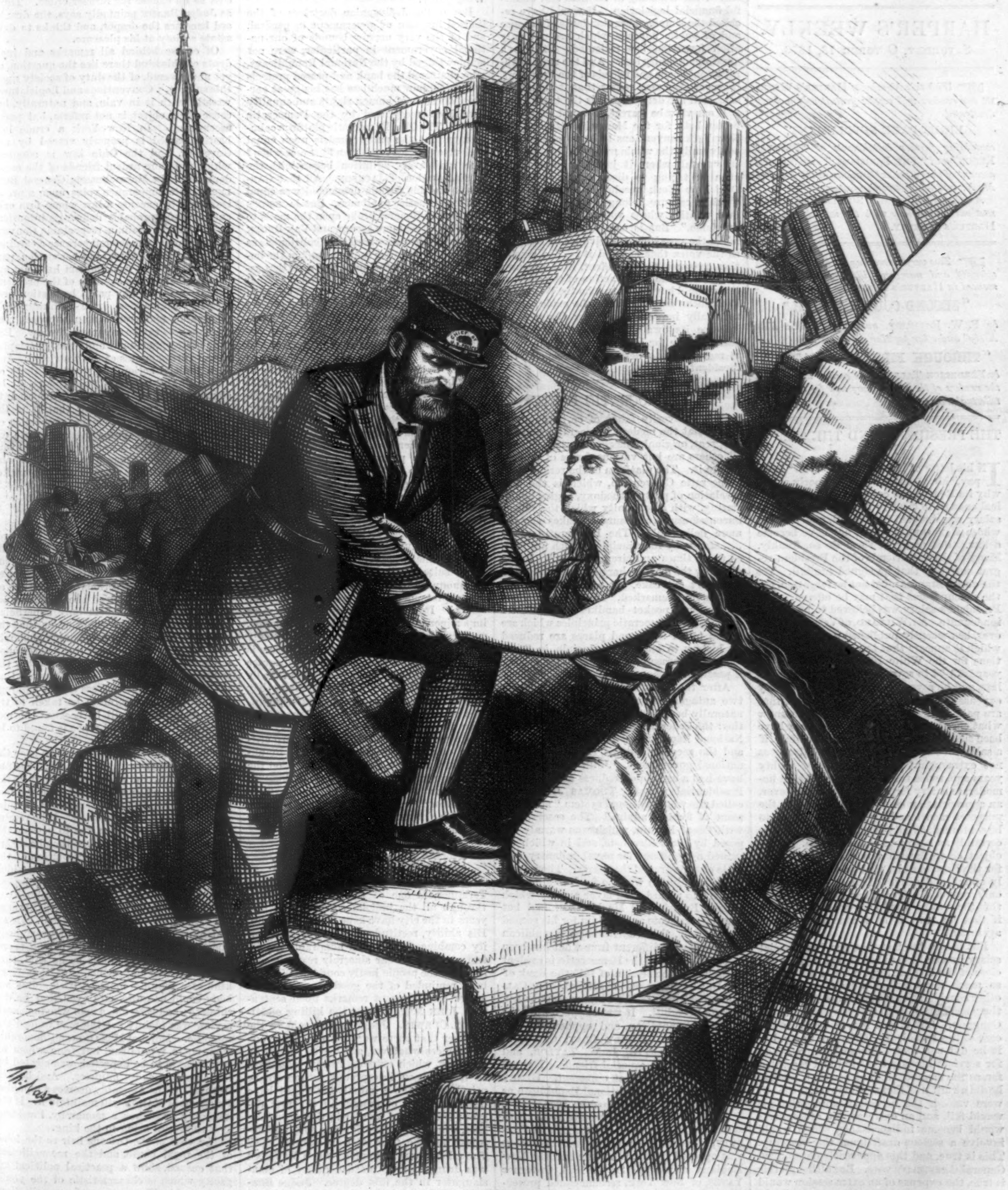

OUT OF THE RUINS.

U. S. G. (*Chief of U. S. Police*). "I am glad to see that you are not seriously hurt. The Houses in this 'Street' have been Shaky and on false Bases for a long Time, and you've had a very Narrow Escape."

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 18, 1873.

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EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

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Another Eight-page Supplement *will be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

☞ *Two very interesting Serial Stories, with splendid and numerous illustrations, are commenced in* Harper's Bazar *for October 25.*

"SECOND-COUSIN SARAH,"

by F. W. Robinson, *author of* "*Little Kate Kirby*" *and other popular novels; and*

"THROUGH FIRE AND WATER,"

by Frederick Talbot. *In each of these stories the readers of the* Bazar *may look for a rare intellectual treat.*

THE PRESIDENT AND THE "BACK PAY."

In his letter of last spring upon the "back pay," Mr. Garfield very properly asked why its Republican opponents were not logical enough to censure the President, whose salary was doubled by the bill, and without whose signature it would not have become a law. But many of them do so, frankly. Many of the best friends of the President regret sincerely that he signed the bill. Yet the circumstances must not be forgotten, nor the extenuations that may be offered. The President's salary was believed to be wholly inadequate. Mr. Willard, of Vermont, however, has recently published a statement by which it appears that the special appropriations for the White House amount for the year 1873–74 to seventy-seven thousand dollars, and he says that the President's family expenses and those of his table are all that are paid from his salary. We do not know what changes in this respect there may have been since the earlier days; but certainly, if a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars was not extravagant for the President eighty years ago, twice that sum can not be an immoderate salary for him now. If, however, an appropriation of the amount and for the purposes mentioned by Mr. Willard is to be continued, twenty-five thousand dollars is certainly an adequate compensation. If the object be to furnish a retiring competence for the President, let that purpose be frankly stated and discussed in Congress. The only reason for furnishing it indirectly is that the country would not approve it. And if that be true, it is a conclusive reason against it.

But beside the fact that the Presidential salary was no larger than it had been at the close of the last century, when a dollar was so much more valuable than now, is the other consideration, that the chief offense in the "back grab" is that it is retroactive for Congress. But it was not made so in the case of the President. Therefore in signing it he did not award himself compensation for services already rendered and receipted for, as the members did, although, of course, he did award it to them. Moreover, if the bill were vetoed, the necessary appropriations would fail, and an extra session of Congress would become indispensable, which would involve a serious draft upon the Treasury. This is true, and this apparently determined General Garfield's vote. But although this is true, the expense of an extra session would have been no more than that of the backward increase of the salaries of the members; and if it had been ten times as much, the bill should have been vetoed. The President should have said distinctly that the amendment, the "back grab," was an offense that he could not sanction; that he would not be coerced to authorize a plain wrong by the alleged necessity of passing the appropriations; and that the responsibility of an extra session must fall upon those who made it necessary.

Had the President said this in his usual plain manner, it would not only have been right, but it would have been the most popular act of his administration. It would have shown the country that he was not confused by plausible sophistries, and that he not only saw clearly what should be done, but that he had the courage firmly to do it. The fact that his veto would have made an increase of his own salary impossible during his second term would have commended him only the more warmly to public respect and admiration. Such an act also would have stayed the tendency to reckless and doubtful financial legislation. It would have recalled the simple, sober standards of expense and of public honesty which are not only often forgotten, but ridiculed. It was a great opportunity lost. And the most faithful Republicans and friends of the President, however they may regret that it should be said, will not deny that it is the truth.

If our view be correct, it would have been better both for the Massachusetts and the New York conventions to have rebuked unequivocally the whole measure, leaving censure to fall where it justly belongs. But even in trying to discriminate, they fail. Our New York resolution declares that "public censure belongs to those of whatever politics whose votes enacted such a provision." But is not the signature that made the provision effective as responsible as the votes that enacted it? The resolution censures the President, if it censures Congress. The better action of the conventions would have been to echo the Wisconsin Republican demand that it be made constitutionally impossible for any Congress to increase its own compensation. And the better course for individual Republicans is to regret, not to defend, the action of the President.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

It is a favorite fancy of certain doctrinaires that the modern Democratic party is the great, original, American party, and that all others are but various forms of opposition to it. The platform of the recent Ohio Democratic Convention, which is the last revelation of party orthodoxy, begins by declaring, with a solemnity which the artless unconsciousness of absurdity makes only the more delightful: "The Democratic party ......stands by its principles, which are suited to all times and circumstances." In the old story the master charges his servant, "If you can't get cake, get smelts." And the famous thief remarked, "I prigs purses when I can—and pocket-handkerchiefs when I can't." The Democratic principles which are suited to all times and places are reduced by history to one—the principle, in Silas Wright's phrase, of "carrying off the spoils," if possible.

After the Constitution was adopted, the two antagonistic views in the Convention naturally became the platforms of two parties: the Federal, and the Jeffersonian or the National Republican. The first magnified, and the second belittled, the power of the national government. John Adams would have had a certain sacredness attach to the Presidential person. Thomas Jefferson called the whole national system "a department of foreign affairs." The second war with Great Britain, which was warmly opposed by the Federalists, and in which we gained a high fame for naval gallantry, and little else, destroyed that party. The wound of the Revolution was too fresh to allow the country to regard with favor a party which seemed British, and Mr. Monroe had but one electoral vote against him for his second term. Now, that the National Republican party was very different from what has been recently known as the Democratic, is evident enough. In the session of 1815 the Bank of the United States was chartered. Mr. Calhoun, chairman of the Finance Committee, reported the bill. It was supported by the National Republican, and opposed by the Federal party. Henry Clay, Calhoun, Lowndes, Forsyth, I. W. Taylor, and Ingham were its especial friends. Daniel Webster was its great opponent. Henry Clay was as good a National Republican as Horatio Seymour is a modern Democrat.

Again, in 1816, the protective policy was sustained by Lowndes, Calhoun, and Forsyth, National Republican leaders, and it was opposed by Mr. Webster and the New England members. So, in 1824, Governor Yates, of New York, recommended protection. In 1827 a State Convention was held at Albany, which declared it to be the duty of Congress to pass protective laws; and Ambrose Spencer, Samuel Young, Benjamin Knower, and other National Republicans were leading members. Was modern Democracy the heir of these views? In 1827 the New York Legislature unanimously passed resolutions for protection, and even General Jackson wrote that he was in favor of a "judicious" tariff. Up to this time where was the great, original, American party known as the modern Democratic? Did the principles "which are suited to all times and circumstances" charter a bank in 1815, and destroy it twenty years afterward? Did they insist upon protection from 1816 to 1830, and then proclaim free trade? The Democratic party, as we of this generation have known it, the anti-bank, anti-tariff, anti-internal improvement, hard money party, was the party of Jackson and Van Buren. Henry Clay was the last leader of the old National Republican organization, which merged with Antimasonry in the Whig party.

But if the Jeffersonian doctrines of the limited function of government in general, and of the very narrow bounds of our national government in particular, were not acknowledged by the National Republicans, who chartered the bank and passed protective tariffs, how much less has his great cardinal doctrine of human rights and equality ever been recognized by the Democratic party! The Ohio Democratic platform calmly says that the party "insists upon equal and exact justice to all men?" Since when? The antislavery agitation began with the administration of Jackson. All that Garrison and his friends demanded was equal and exact justice to all men. But Jackson's Postmaster-General broke open the mails to make injustice more secure, and Van Buren in his message denounced the Abolitionists as provoking "popular indignation" in the implied approval of the mobs and riots that assailed them. Jeffersonian doctrines! Equal and exact justice to all men! Why, from its beginning the Democratic or Jackson party was the mere flexible machine of slaveholders, and its policy for a generation before the war was monstrous inequality and absolute injustice. Its adherents began to suspect it in 1840. They saw it clearly in '48. In 1855 those who held to the original faith of Jefferson left the ranks, and united with the Whigs in the Republican party. And now when that party is supreme, slavery, despite the Democratic party, abolished, and the Democratic theory of secession annihilated, the party of the principles that are "suited to all times and circumstances" blandly declares that it holds to equal and exact justice to all men, which is precisely as true as that it is the great, original, American party.

When the Democratic party last year nominated Mr. Greeley, it was certainly a comical proof that what it now calls its principles were "suited to all times and circumstances." It announced by that nomination that it no longer pretended to any principles but "the spoils." Its conventions are therefore mere impertinences. They stand for no policy, no measures, no principles. They are only meetings of politicians, whose party name is fatally associated with the national disgrace of slavery, and who seem to suppose that by "resolving" themselves to be virtuous they will be thought by the country safer guardians of its liberty and peace and prosperity than those who have secured liberty and conquered peace. There may be sharp criticism of the Republican party; and by unwise and reckless action its hold upon the country may be relaxed; but so long as the alternative is the Republican party or the Democratic, the Republicans are secure. Poor Mr. Greeley learned that truth last year, and it broke his heart.

DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

Judge Brady, of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, is one of the magistrates who through all the judicial corruption of late years in the city have kept the ermine pure. His ability, rectitude, firmness, and urbanity combine to make an admirable magistrate, whom the bar sincerely respects, and in whom the people justly confide. We have been reminded of the good service of this judge by his recent remarks upon sentencing John M'Manus for the killing of Michael Curwin. Judge Brady said to the prisoner that there were no mitigating circumstances whatever, and "even under the new law, which extends, in my judgment, as it has been interpreted, extraordinary privileges to the criminal, you might have been convicted of murder in the first degree; certainly of murder in the second degree, which would consign you to the State-prison for the term of your natural life." The offense was committed when M'Manus was drunk, and he pleaded guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. Judge Brady does not think that drunkenness should excuse crime, and he added the following words, which are worthy the most thoughtful consideration:

"There are persons in this community who think that they have only to become intoxicated to act with impunity every where. The drunkard is the greatest despot. He stalks over the country wherever he pleases, to the terror of every body. You became intoxicated voluntarily. That is no excuse for crime. I do not intend to consider it in the sentence unless it amounts to insanity. Your crime must be punished severely. New York must be made secure from all persons of your disposition. You conceived the design to kill. It is an enormous offense. Your sentence is that you be confined in the State-prison during your natural life."

If this truth, so plainly stated, were fairly apprehended, the result to society would be most valuable. Drunkenness must not be held to extenuate but to enhance crime. A man deliberately deadens his conscience by drinking, and then pleads the criminal excess as an excuse for further crime. Thus, as Judge Brady pointedly says, the drunkard becomes the despot, and thinks to devastate society at his pleasure.

Of course behind all remarks and incidents of this kind there lies the question, as yet unanswered, of the duty of society upon this subject. Conventions and Legislatures wrestle with it in vain, and naturally, because their object is not reform, but party ascendency. In New York a crude law hastily passed is properly vetoed by the Governor, and the Ohio law is adopted, which the more ardent friends of the cause denounce. In Massachusetts General Butler solicits temperance votes upon a promise firmly to execute a law whose firm execution would probably defeat its intention. In New York, again, a respectable Convention proposes to make temperance a cardinal political issue. Absorbing conviction, party chicanery, and demagogism have not apparently helped the solution of the problem, except so far as any penal legislation necessarily stigmatizes dram-drinking. No reasonable temperance man supposes that drunkenness can be suppressed by law. But the public opportunity and pressing temptations to drunkenness can be restricted. And such judicial action and words as those of Judge Brady powerfully aid this result by sternly warning every man disposed to drunkenness, and knowing that it is the moving source of an immense proportion of crime, that drunkenness will aggravate every offense. This knowledge gives every such man another reason to keep sober, and therefore to favor every law that makes sobriety easier.

FRENCH POLITICS.

The manifesto of the Comte de Chambord, announcing that if he comes to the throne of France he will not harm Italy nor pursue a reactionary course, is mainly important as an evidence of his serious expectation of that result. And indeed the apparent political calm in France is only superficial. The Assembly adjourned in order that the majority, which is unquestionably monarchical, can ascertain whether it can agree upon a monarchical restoration, and whether the country will acquiesce. It is understood that the most searching canvass is now making; and should the resolution be taken to try the experiment, it will be because the monarchical sentiment in France is found to be very powerful.

For three years the Assembly has been the supreme authority in the country. Thiers was elected by the Assembly and not by the people; and when he differed from the majority, nothing remained for him, as an independent man, but resignation. If he retained office, the alternative was to become the mere instrument of a policy that he disapproved, or to procure the dissolution of the Assembly by a popular pressure which would probably have ended in revolution. The difficulty with Thiers undoubtedly is that which was felt in England with Charles the First. He could not be trusted. He allied himself with the Left, but every body knew that he did not really belong there. Very possibly he thought as he said, that monarchy was impossible, and that some kind of a republic must be tried. But nobody could be quite sure even that he did think so; and if he did, a man who took such a view was plainly not the man to lead the republic. Marshal M'Mahon, an honorable man, not a republican, but from whom no *coup d'état* is to be expected, was elected by the Assembly as its minister. And he will be that. If the Assembly decrees a republic, President M'Mahon will maintain it. If the Assembly proclaims a monarchy, President M'Mahon will bring in the king.

The visit of the Orleans heir to the head of the royal house, and the reconciliation that ensued, show a practical political sagacity which is characteristic of the younger branch. The reasons of reconciliation, indeed, were obvious enough. The Comte de Chambord is the undoubted chief of the family, and he has and probably will have no children. He is nearly sixty years old, and the Comte de Paris, who is the next heir, is about thirty. In the course of nature, and with all the possibilities of abdication, the younger man would not have many years to wait for the crown. No arrangement, therefore, was so plainly advantageous as the one that has been made. The younger prince has withdrawn from any contest, and, sure of the reversion, acknowledges the prior claim of the elder. This action unites and organizes the monarchical party, while the death of Louis Napoleon has left the Bonapartists without a real leader, and the Republicans have to carry the reproach of Communism. Prophecy in French politics is useless. But there is no doubt that they will command general attention during the winter.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF NEW YORK.

We have elsewhere spoken of the impertinence of a Convention of a political party which last year nominated as its Presidential candidate a man whose convictions were wholly opposed in every point to those which the party professed, and whose political career had been a vigorous and prolonged opposition to the dominance of the party. Mr. Horatio Seymour, the president of the Convention, seemed to understand this fact, for in his address he said that the only point which need be considered was the nomination of honest and capable men. If such were nominated, he was very sure they would be elected. But why the voters of the Republican State of New York should prefer to vote for honest men nominated by Bourbon Democrats under the lead of Mr. Horatio Seymour, whose career they very distinctly remember, rather than for honest men nominated by Republicans, Mr. Seymour omitted to state. The ticket presented by the Democratic Convention can not command greater confidence upon grounds of ability and character than the Republican ticket; and as the Convention could make no appeal upon a general system of policy, the defeat of its candidates was rather surer after its adjournment than before it met.

As for Democratic resolutions, Mr. Toots is of necessity always the chairman of the committee. It is of no possible consequence what such resolutions demand or denounce. They can not conciliate every new movement which promises political support more adroitly than Republican resolutions. They can not condemn the "salary grab" with sincerer vigor than their opponents. They can not insist upon purity and integrity and economy more solemnly than all Conventions always do. And under all the fine words and noble periods is heard the hoarse and hungry murmur of John Hook, "Beef! beef! beef!" Mr. Toots and his committee, and the Convention itself, can not pretend to believe that people vote according to the resolutions of an ordinary party Convention. It is the general character, principles, and action of the party and its leaders which determine the voting. The quarrel in the Convention between the Tammany and the Apollo Hall Democrats only foreshows the doom of the party at the November polls. We suppose "the Democracy" have seldom had so sad a council as this at Utica.

OLD WISDOM NEWLY APPLIED.

Among the addresses at the autumn cattle shows none was more interesting and delightful than that of the Hon. George T. Davis, now of Portland, Maine, but formerly of Greenfield, Massachusetts, which was delivered at the latter place. Mr. Davis has served in Congress from the Greenfield district, and is a man of the most admirable scholarly accomplishment, which gives a singular grace and charm to this address. He indulges in some natural and pensive reminiscences in the opening of his discourse, and then, disclaiming all intention of instructing farmers in farming, he proceeds to note the changes and progress in the material prosperity of the country. He turns briefly to the question whether our institutions will probably bear the strain to which they are necessarily exposed, and his view is cheerful and reasonable. He sees and states the danger of party spirit, and quotes Mackintosh's fine description of Lord Somers. And then to draw a present moral he quotes from our own history a passage which, with his comment, is well worthy the attention of all good citizens.

John Jay's treaty with England was bitterly denounced. He was burned in effigy, and in New York Alexander Hamilton was stoned at a public meeting while speaking in its defense. The Senate had confirmed the treaty, and it was the law of the land. But its opponents in the House of Representatives proposed to refuse the appropriation to carry it out. Fisher Ames, the most eloquent man of his time, claimed that such an act would be a breach of the public faith; and he said, in one of the best passages of his most famous speech, as Mr. Davis quotes: "This, Sir, is a cause which would be dishonored and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold and its processes too slow for the occasion. I desire to thank God that since He has given me a reason that is so fallible, He has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honor reasoning is sometimes useless and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse: if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart." Mr. Davis adds: "I think this extract presents a great elementary truth in words of the highest eloquence. I think that there often arise public questions, such as the keeping faith with the public creditor —*the unfair and unreasonable use of the legal power to fix the amount of personal compensation for services*—when we feel the decision in our pulses, and where our instincts may safely be trusted to guide our decisions."

THE SECRETS OF INTIMIDATION.

In the public prosecutor's office lie stored away the records of the guilt, the penitence, the secret woe of a great city. Thousands of documents cover its shelves affecting the reputations of families, whose publication might bring disgrace to respectable names; that are filled with the details of crimes and commitments, of petitions and promises, of the tortuous course of famous cases, of the anguish of relatives and friends, of efforts at concealment that have often proved effectual, of charges that were suppressed by influence or corruption, of the histories of the mournful proofs of human fallibility. Neither wealth, respectability, real worth, nor personal eminence has always shielded our citizens from the weakness of seeking help from public prosecutors for their erring friends or relatives, of asking favors, and promising a return. The fear of public shame, of family disgrace, is an element of singular power in a community; it has often made abject cowards of the most resolute, and has brought honorable men to consent to disreputable courses. To the unscrupulous and daring public official it has proved a source of despotic tyranny, and we are told that during the prevalence of the recent corrupt rule in our city the secrets of its legal offices were used freely to compel reputable citizens to lend their aid to the crowd of thieves who preyed upon us, and that one common method of intimidation was to threaten the exposure of the guilt of a relative or the errors of a friend.

Revolting as such a mode of obtaining political influence must seem to every honorable mind, to the men who then ruled us it is said to have been only a usual pastime. They demanded from their victim his aid or his silence; they produced from the public records the secret by which he was enchained. Sometimes the disclosure would affect his own reputation, sometimes that of his family, sometimes that of his friend. But the torturous pressure was mercilessly applied, and often in tears and anguish he lent his countenance to the shameless band who should long ago have been shut up in the darkest cells of Sing Sing. One instance is told as follows: A prominent citizen when the reform movement began was active in the cause, and allowed his name to be published in the list of the reformers. He was a man of high character, and might have proved singularly dangerous to the thieves who were in power. They resolved to disarm him. They learned from the public officials that one of his relatives had committed some gross crime, and that dishonor and sorrow might be easily brought to the reformer's family. They printed an account of the family shame, brought it to him, and threatened instant publication unless he withdrew his influence from the cause of reform. In tears and anguish he told his situation to a friend—he begged for counsel. But he could not bear the pains of public mortification, and soon withdrew from the ranks of the reformers. In another case a person whom we shall call Mr. A—— was also active in his assaults upon the Ring. He was wealthy and respected; no one was louder in denouncing the public robbers, or bolder in demanding their punishment. But suddenly he changed. He now mildly extenuated their crimes, and suggested that they were possibly not so bad as he had supposed. Yet he, too, confessed the cause of his sudden change in bursts of tears. Some early error or some act which might have disturbed his domestic peace had been traced to him. Here, too, the thieves had brought to him a printed account of their charge, and had threatened publication unless he recanted. He did so, moved by a false shame. He sold his property, removed from the city, and has never recovered from the terror of a harmless disclosure.

We have mentioned this use of intimidation by our recent rulers to show by what means they may still influence our public boards, and force honest men to yield to their purposes. Nothing is more remarkable than the want of courage displayed by some of our reformers. We want in the new elections a stronger race, who will neither fear slander nor yield to threats, who are not afraid to meet their plunderers boldly, who, if they have sinned, are not ashamed to own it and to make public their repentance, and who are resolved to eradicate every trace of corruption. The thieves are again menacing us. They show their shameless faces boldly in public; they are preparing to carry the fall elections, and once more thrust their hands into the public purse. Let the people strike down every one of them, and let their companions and instruments fall with them.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

Among the noted Englishmen who have come to share in the triumphs of the Lyceum during the coming season, the most widely known in this country, and especially known to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, is Mr. Wilkie Collins. There is no living novelist whose works are more familiar, or whose welcome would be more cordial; and there are thousands of persons every where who will most gladly see the magician whose fancy and skill have charmed so many hours. The absorbing interest and the masterly skill of construction in the stories of Mr. Collins are such that his intention to read upon the platform a story of his own is the promise of a certain and a very sweet pleasure. His appearance, with that of Mr. Dickens, as readers of their own tales, recalls the days of the Grecian Games, when historians and poets recited their works to the listening multitude. We learn that the number of applications for the readings of Mr. Collins is very large; and if but a very few of those whom he has delighted come to listen, he will justly believe that America is full of his friends.

AN EXPLANATION.

In a recent article we stated that a curious illustration of the manner in which the officers of the civil service had come to be regarded as the authorized political agents of the Administration fell under our observation as we wrote. It was an account of the election of the Republican Committee in Massachusetts, in which Mr. Learned, of Pittsfield, was said to have opposed a proposition to remove Mr. Tinker, a collector of internal revenue, and an active Butler agent, for the reason that by his office Mr. Tinker was the representative of the President, and that his removal would be a slur upon the Executive. Mr. Tinker writes us that he has been informed by a Washburn delegate from North Adams, in Berkshire, whom he names, that the report is untrue, and that he was selected for member of the committee by sixteen votes out of twenty-three from the judicial district, but that he had already assured his friends that he should serve no longer, and, persisting in his purpose, declined.

Mr. Tinker's explanation would be more satisfactory if he had said that Mr. Learned had denied making the remark attributed to him.

THE WEDNESDAY EUROPEAN MAIL.

Some dissatisfaction having been expressed with the arrangements for sending the Wednesday European mail by the Williams & Guion line of steamers, it is but just to the Post-office Department to state the circumstances under which the contract was made. In December, 1869, the four lines of steamers then carrying the United States mails from New York to different European ports notified the Postmaster-General that they would not take the mails at the reduced compensation he would be able to make them after the 1st of January, 1870. Mr. Creswell at once came to New York to provide against a delay of the mails, and while here received from Messrs. Williams & Guion an offer to take the Wednesday mails at such rate of compensation as the department could give them. The offer was accepted, and a contract made for two years from January 1, 1870. Three of the other lines—the Bremen, the Hamburg, and the Inman—subsequently agreed to accept the reduced rates for the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mails. Last year the contract with Messrs. Williams & Guion was renewed for two years from February, 1872. Before renewing it the Postmaster-General consulted the committees of Post-offices and Post-roads, and also of Commerce, of the Senate and House of Representatives. They had before them the agent of the Cunard line, and Messrs. Williams & Guion. After a patient hearing the joint committees decided to advise the Postmaster-General to renew the latter's contract for two years. When this decision was announced, the agent of the Cunard line offered to take the mails for no compensation. The Postmaster-General again referred their communication to the joint committees, who again confirmed their decision in favor of Williams & Guion. They considered that the latter came to the relief of the Post-office Department at the time when it required their assistance to break the combination formed against the department, and that Messrs. Williams & Guion deserved another term of two years.

Messrs. Williams & Guion have been disappointed in the delays of the steam-ship builders with whom they made the contract for building the *Montana* and *Dakota*; both of these steamers were to be of increased power and speed. They expected the delivery of them over one year ago.

WHAT IS A "PANIC?"

Herodotus tells us (vi. 105) that when Darius threatened Attica, the Athenians sent to Sparta a herald named Pheidippides to implore help against the Persians. The god Pan met Pheidippides near Tegea, called him by name, and bade him demand of the Athenians why they paid no worship to him, a god who had often helped them, and was about to do so again. After the great Athenian victory at Marathon the Athenians, ascribing it to Pan, consecrated to him the cave below the Acropolis, and afterward worshiped him there.

The defeat of the Persians at Marathon was accompanied with a sudden terror, which seized upon large masses of men without visible cause, and hence all such mysterious frights came to be ascribed to the god who there "helped the Athenians." The term "panic" (*πανικόν, panicon*) is used in this sense by many of the later Greek writers, especially by Polybius; it is repeatedly used in its Greek form by Cicero, but is adopted as a Latin word by later writers, and has passed from them in the same sense into all the languages of modern Europe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In pursuance of the sentence of the court-martial, Captain Jack, Boston Charlie, Black Jim, and Schonchin were hanged at Fort Klamath, Oregon, on the 3d inst. The sentence of Barnacho and Slolux was commuted to imprisonment for life. The execution was witnessed by several hundred Indians, on whom it made a great impression.

The merchants of Memphis have subscribed $320,000 to the First National Bank of that city, which will enable it to resume business at once.

A defalcation of $40,000 has been discovered in the Hingham (Massachusetts) National Bank. The cashier is accused of having absconded with the money.

Colonel M'Kenzie, of Fort Clark, Texas, anticipates more trouble with the Kickapoo Indians on the Mexican border.

No elections will be held in Mississippi until November, 1874, the present Governor and Attorney-General of that State having so decreed.

The Arkansas State militia has been disbanded.

Yellow fever has appeared at Calvert, Texas, and that city has been quarantined on every side. Great fears are entertained that the disease may reach the neighboring towns.

The New York Democratic State Convention met at Utica on the 1st inst. Lengthy resolutions were passed and the following nominations made: Diedrich Willers, Jun., of Seneca, for Secretary of State; Asher P. Nichols, of Erie, for Comptroller; Daniel Pratt, of Onondaga, for Attorney-General; Thomas Raines, of Otsego, for State Treasurer; Sylvanus Sweet, of Albany, for State Engineer and Surveyor; James Jackson, Jun., of Niagara, for Canal Commissioner; and George W. Millspaugh, of Orange, for State-prison Inspector.

The New York Board of Education, at a meeting held on the 1st inst., again refused to elect a clerk.

The total amount of money received at the Treasury in the last fiscal year for the "conscience fund" was $25,551 21.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Alderman Lusk, M.P., has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

A cable dispatch announces that "the progress of the Ashantee war is very satisfactory," and that "the natives are in a state of semi-starvation." An American vessel which was caught selling powder to the Ashantees was seized by the British commander.

The Spanish insurgent frigates *Numancia* and *Mendez Nunez* have left Alicante for Cartagena. A dispatch from that port says the insurgent frigates were not injured during the bombardment of Alicante, and no one on board of them was killed. They were taking in coal, and making preparations to attack Valencia.—The police of Madrid have closed the gambling-houses in that city.—Don Carlos, as King of Spain, has caused postage stamps to be issued bearing his portrait. General Dorregarray and two others of his rank have left the Carlists and gone to Bayonne, France.

The Comte de Chambord states in a letter that he desires to bring about the union of parties in France to insure prosperity to the country, and that he has no intention of attacking Italy.

A court-martial has been ordered to try Captain Werner, of the German man-of-war *Frederic Carl*, for the seizure of the Spanish steamer *Vigilante*.

It is stated that a rupture has occurred in the relations existing between the governments of Russia and Japan, growing out of the question of the proprietorship of Saghalien Island.

On the 2d inst. the Pope, in an address to a delegation of three hundred of the faithful, used the following words: "Confusion has entered the enemy's camp. They strove to induce me to leave Rome, but I never will."

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope report that sickness has broken out among the troops on the coast. Out of one detachment of one hundred and four marines, ninety men are in hospital.

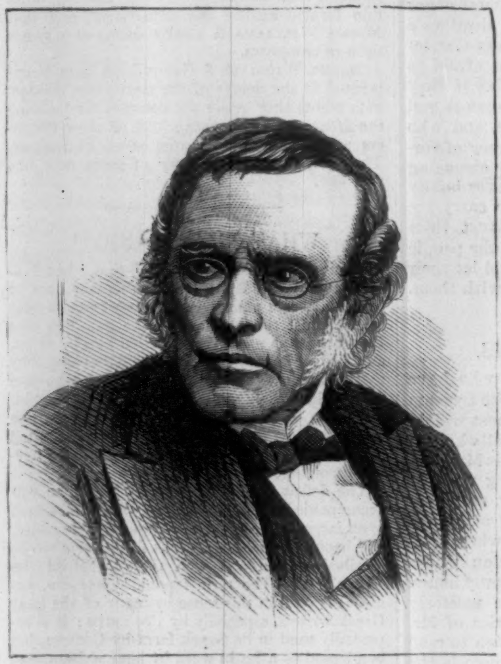
A Brussels journal says it has private information from Paris that the monarchy will be proclaimed on the proposition of the majority of the Assembly.—The Comte de Chambord is expected shortly to issue another manifesto.

During an unusually heavy snow-storm in Stockholm, which continued for five or six days, in December, 1871, Nordenskjöld detected, even in those portions of the snow which fell latest, a black carbonaceous powder, charged with very small spangles of metallic iron. He has since found similar substances in the snows of the arctic regions and from the heart of Finland. It will be curious to learn, remarks the London *Athenæum*, from the analysis which he has recently promised, whether the iron in this cosmical dust is similar to meteoric iron.

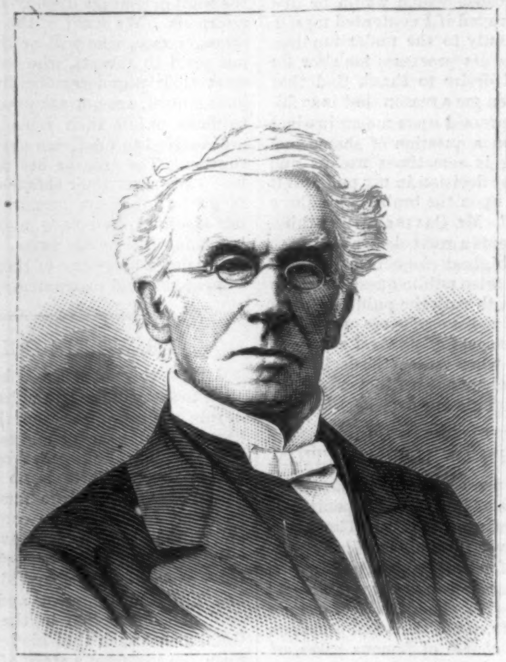
The Emperor of Russia has, at the special request of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, pardoned the German philologist, Dr. Pichler, who was last year transported to Siberia for purloining valuable books from the Imperial library, of which he was a librarian.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES.—[SEE PAGE 923.]

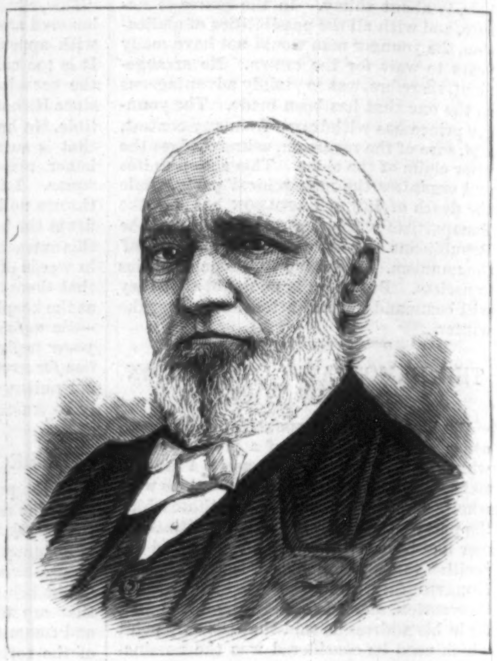
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.



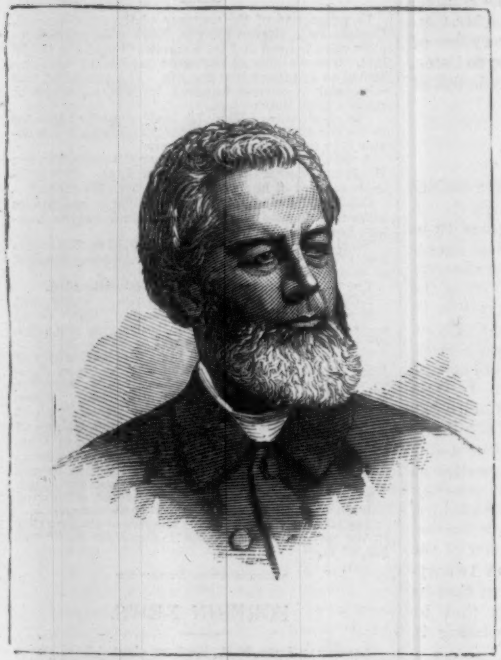
THE REV. DR. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY,
EX-PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.



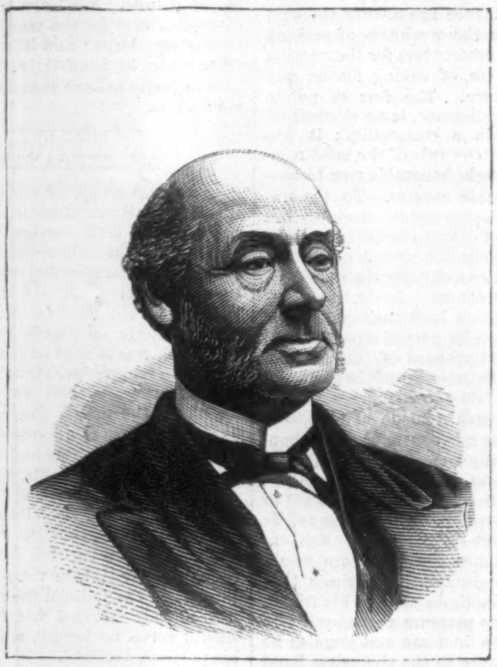
THE REV. DR. WILLIAM ADAMS,
OF THE MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



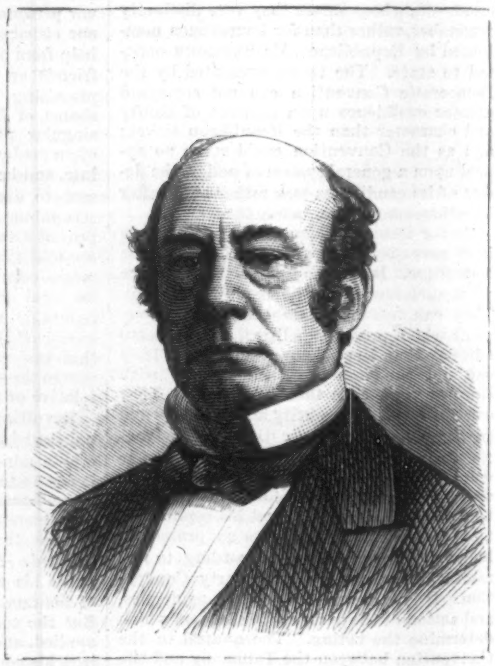
THE REV. DR. PHILIP SCHAFF,
PROFESSOR IN THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.



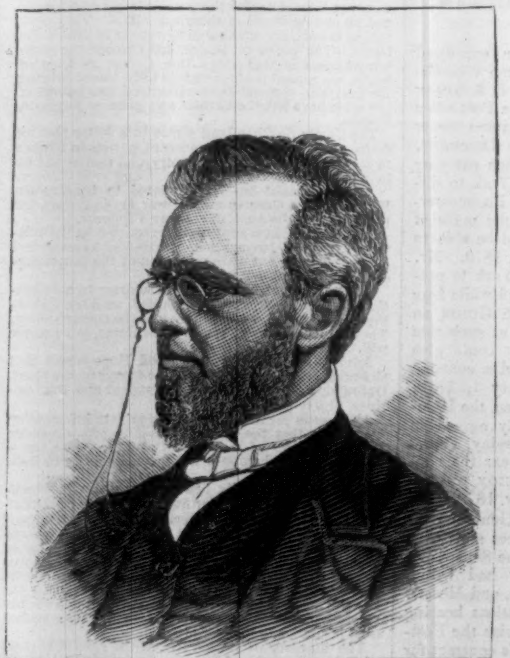
THE REV. DR. THOMAS P. ANDERSON,
OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



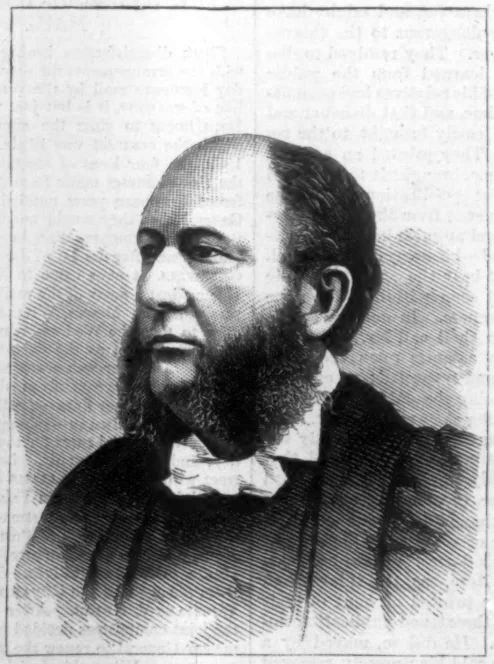
THE REV. DR. S. IRENÆUS PRIME,
EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK OBSERVER."



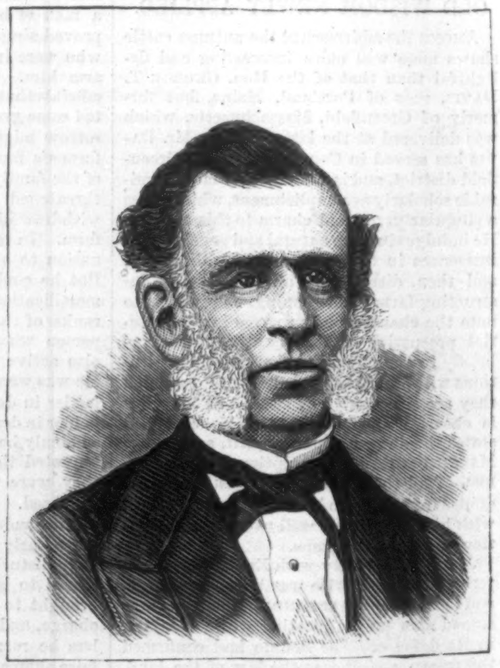
THE REV. DR. GEORGE R. CROOKS,
EDITOR OF "THE METHODIST."



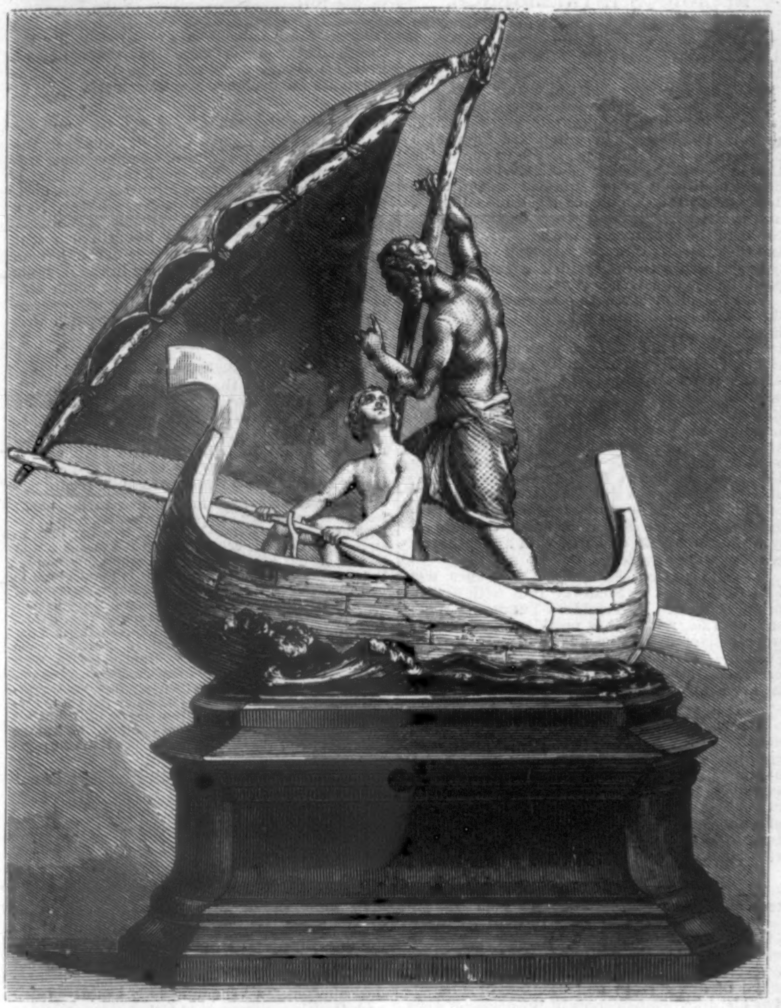
THE REV. DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS,
OF THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.



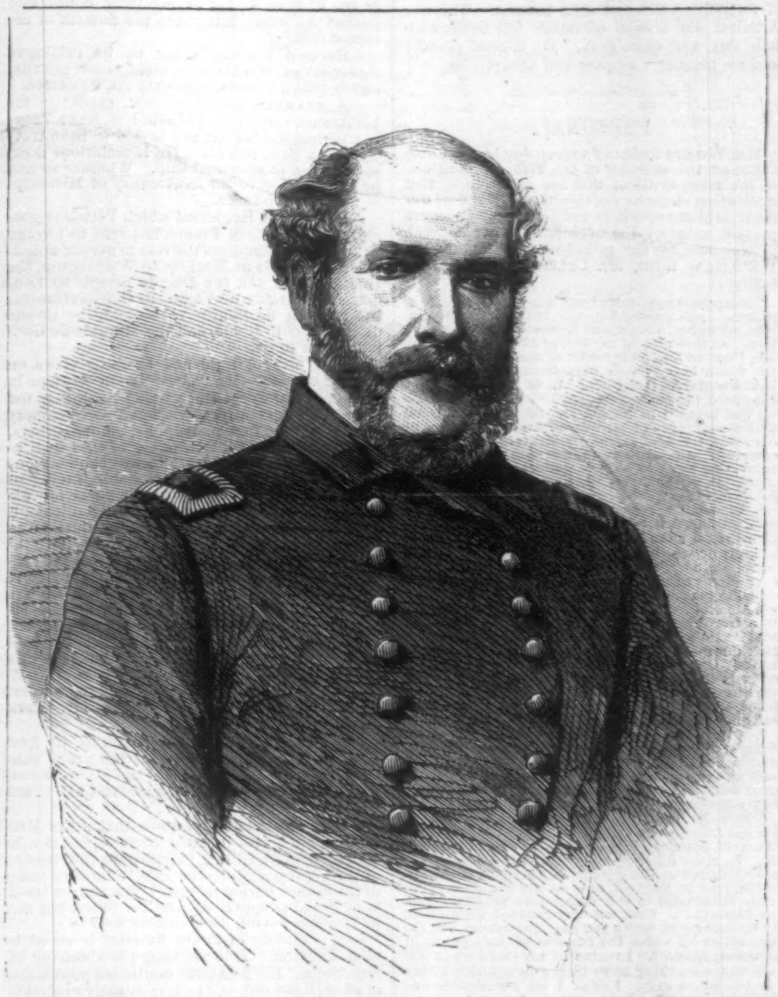
THE REV. DR. NOAH HUNT SCHENCK,
RECTOR OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN.



THE HON. WILLIAM E. DODGE,
PRESIDENT EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE FOR THE UNITED STATES.



THE BENNETT PRIZE CUP.



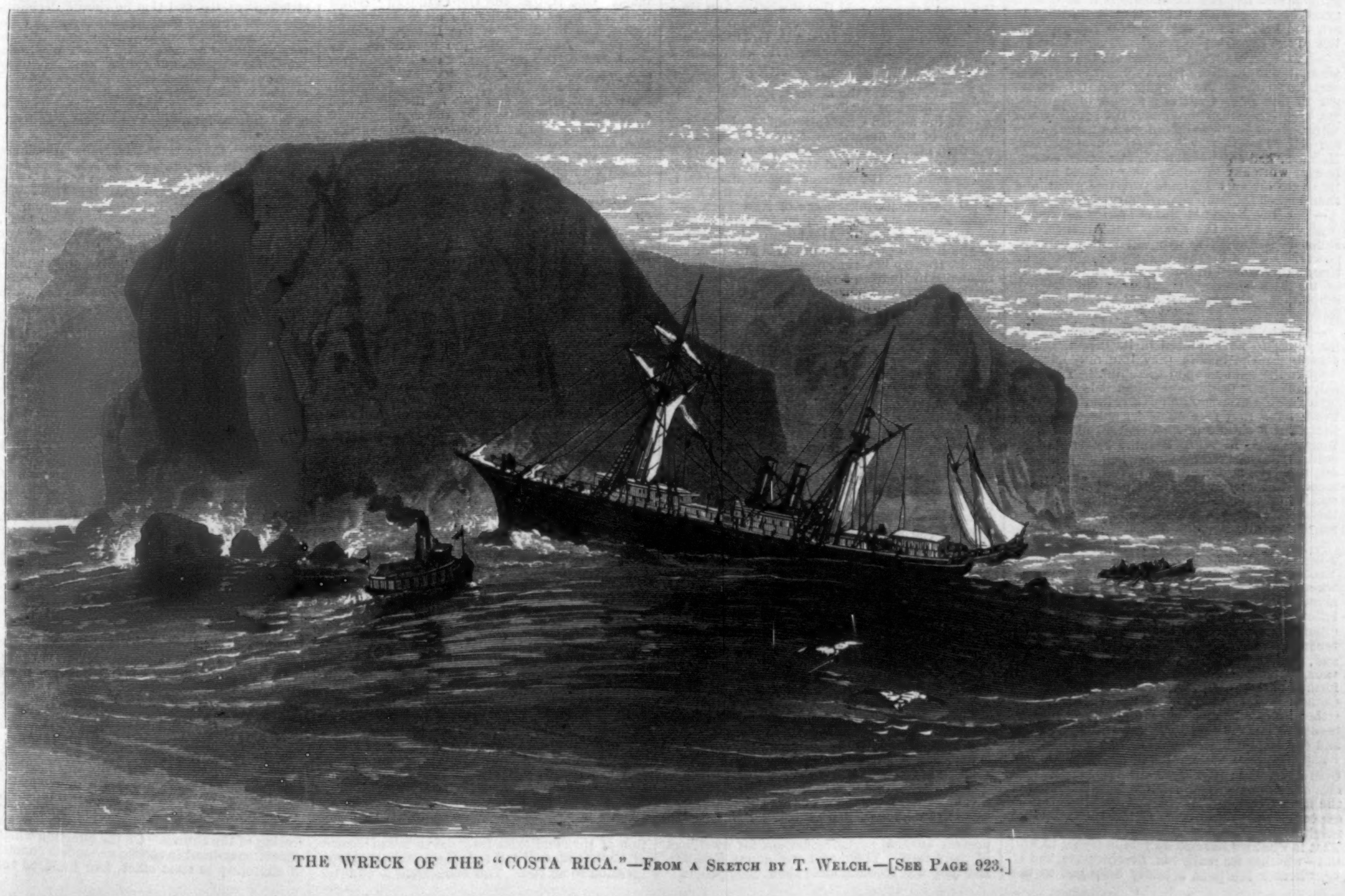
THE LATE ADMIRAL JOHN A. WINSLOW.

THE BENNETT YACHT PRIZE.

On this page we give an engraving of a beautiful and artistic prize cup, valued at $1000, presented by Commodore **James Gordon Bennett**, to be sailed for on the second Thursday in October by schooners belonging to any organized yacht club, the course being from the anchorage off Owl's Head to and around the light-ship off Cape May, and back to Sandy Hook light-ship. The prize, which is of elegant design and exquisite workmanship, represents **Dædalus** instructing **Icarus** in the use of the sail.

THE LATE ADMIRAL WINSLOW.

We give on this page a portrait of the late Rear-Admiral **John A. Winslow**, the hero of the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* fight, who died on Monday, September 29, at his residence on Kearsarge Avenue, Boston Highland, after an illness of nearly two years. The late Admiral was in the sixty-second year of his age, having been born on the 9th of November, 1811, in North Carolina. On the 1st of February, 1827, he entered the Naval Academy as the protégé of **Daniel Webster**, having been then a resident of North Carolina. He was with the Falmouth (West India) squadron, in 1829–31, and in 1833 was promoted to the rank of Passed Midshipman. He was sent to the Boston Navy-yard in 1834, and he accompanied the Brazil squadron in 1835–37. He obtained the commission of Lieutenant December 9, 1839, and subsequently took part in the Mexican War, as chief officer on board the *Saratoga*, twenty guns, but he was not again actively employed until 1852, when he was detailed for the *St. Lawrence*, the flag-ship of Commander **Dulang**. In 1855 he was promoted to the rank of Commander, and ordered to Boston. In 1862, upon the organization of the Mississippi flotilla, he was recalled to active duty with the commission of Captain. On the 16th of July he was appointed to the command of the *Kearsarge*, and in recognition of his services on board that vessel, he was, after the sinking of the *Alabama*, promoted to the rank of Commodore; and on the 2d of March, 1870, when a resident of Massachusetts, he obtained the rank of Rear-Admiral, commanding the Pacific fleet. His total sea service was twenty years and ten months; on shore, off duty, thirteen years and one month; unemployed, eleven



THE WRECK OF THE "COSTA RICA."—From a Sketch by T. Welch.—[See Page 923.]

years and nine months—making a total service of forty-five years and eight months. The late Admiral was a man of rather full habit, with hair thin and quite gray. He dressed plainly, and his manner was quiet and unassuming.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's reception by the Lotos Club, on the evening of the 27th ult., was one of the most brilliant that has occurred in that institution since its organization. Many of our most brilliant speakers and finest scholars were present to grace the occasion. To the speech of welcome by the president of the club, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Collins responded by saying:

"Many years ago—more years than I now quite like to reckon—I was visiting Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples, with my father, mother, and brothers, as a boy of thirteen. At that time of my life, as at this time of my life, I was an insatiable reader of that order of books for which heavy people have invented the name of light literature. [Laughter.] In due course of time I exhausted the modest resources of the library which we had brought to Naples, and found myself faced with the necessity of borrowing from the resources of our fellow-travelers, summer residents of Sorrento like ourselves. Among them was a certain countryman of yours, very tall, very lean, very silent, and very melancholy. In what circumstances the melancholy of this gentleman took its rise I am not able to tell you. The ladies thought it was a disappointment in love. The men attributed it to a cause infinitely more serious than that—I mean indigestion. Whether he suffered in heart or whether he suffered in stomach, I took, I remember, a boy's unreasonable fancy to him, passing over dozens of other people, apparently far more acceptable than he was. I ventured to look up to the tall American—it was a long way to look up—and said, in a trembling voice, 'Can you lend me a book to read?' He looked down to me—it was a long way to look down—and said, 'I have got but two amusing books. One of them is the *Sorrows of Werter*, and the other is the *Sentimental Journey*. [Laughter.] You are heartily welcome to both these books. Take them home, and when you have read them bring them back and dine with me, and tell me what you think of them.' I took them home and read them, and told him what I thought of them much more freely than I would now. And last, not least, I had an excellent dinner, crowned with a cake, which was an epoch in my youthful existence, and which I may say lives gratefully and greasily in my memory to the present day. [Applause.]

"Now, Mr. President and gentlemen, I venture to tell you this for one reason. It marks my first experience of American kindness and American hospitality. In many different ways this early expression of your kindness and hospitality has mingled in my after-life, now in England, now on the Continent, until it has culminated in this magnificent reception from the Lotos Club. I am not only gratified but touched by the manner in which you have greeted me, and the cordiality with which the remarks of your president have been received. I venture to say that I see in this reception something more than a recognition of my humble labors only. I think I see a recognition of English literature, liberal, spontaneous, and sincere, which, I think, is an honor to you as well as an honor to me. In the name of English literature I beg gratefully to thank you. On my own behalf I beg to assure you that I shall not soon forget the encouragement you have offered to me at the outset of my career in America. Permit me to remind you that I am now speaking the language of sincere gratitude, and that is essentially a language of very few words." (Applause.)

—Our illustrated neighbor, *The Daily Graphic*, extends to Mr. Nast a pleasant artistic greeting, apropos of his return from his summer vacation. The composition, from the graceful pencil of Mr. Thomas Wüst, represents Mr. Nast in his studio; on an easel beside him is a reduced copy of one of his recent cartoons in the *Weekly*, and another hangs on the wall. These copies are perfect *fac-similes* in miniature of the original engravings, every dot and line being reproduced by the *Graphic* process, without the aid of the engraver's art, and without loss of character or general effect. The composition is at once a graceful recognition of Mr. Nast's position in art, and evidence of the progress and capabilities of the *Graphic* process.

—The wealth of the late bad Duke of Brunswick, like the wealth of rich folk generally, was vastly overrated. He was supposed to be stronger in diamonds than any person in Europe; yet when his gems came under the scrutiny and valuation of the jewelers of Geneva, they were found to be worth only the paltry sum of $500,000. He never had any good of his diamonds, scarcely ever wore any in public, only opened his little boxes for an occasional peep and gloat, and then locked them up against burglars and such.

—The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri is a delegate from Bombay to the Evangelical Alliance. In India he is known as a pulpit orator of great power. He is a Presbyterian, and besides being thoroughly versed in the learning and literature of his own country, is an excellent English scholar, speaking and writing the language perfectly.

—Sydney Smith said one thing which is good for youth to have quoted in its behalf, and as a reply to the maxim they like not, namely, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." To hardship, say some people—to whom it is easiest to be hard—children should be early inured, so that in after-life they may be better able to bear it, though if it should not come at all in after-life their labor is in vain. Sydney Smith, on the contrary, says, "Those young people will turn out to be the best men who have been guarded most effectually in their childhood from every species of useless vexation, and experience in the greatest degree the blessings of a wise and rational indulgence."

—The new U. S. Senator from Nevada, Hon. John P. Jones, is English by birth, though Yankee in ways, having come to the republic when two years old. He grew up and commenced business in Cleveland, Ohio, as a bank teller. Thence to California during the gold excitement; did all sorts of things; ran for Lieutenant-Governor of California, was defeated, and, having "burst," went to Virginia City, Nevada, as poor as the biblical turkey said to have formed part of the personal estate of Job. The Comstock Lode paved his way to a fortune. Other lodes added to his mound, until now he is said to labor under the weight of $10,000,000 and the responsibilities of a Senatorship.

—Professor Huntington, of the United States Geological Survey, has discovered several species of *Brachiopods* at Littleton, New Hampshire, the first ever found there, and the discovery is expected to determine that the rocks in that neighborhood belong to the *Heidelberg* species. That is what we have so long been trying to find out—whether we really had Brachiopods, and if so, whether the pods actually belonged to the genuine old Heidelberg species. Professor H., of the U. S. G. S., has extinguished doubt, and pushed the whole thing into the domain of accepted fact.

—Harvard University has on its catalogue eighty-seven Williamses, eighty-four Smiths, eighty-two Adamses, and sixty-six Parkers.

—Alexander Davis, colored, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Mississippi, was formerly a peripatetic barber, and is said to have traveled from pole to pole. He is ambitious now, and aspires to statesmanship. Whether or not he will succeed to the lieutenancy of Mississippi remains to be seen.

—It is an odd fact about which Parisians gossip, that republican France has sent to foreign nations as embassadors the *élite* of her old nobility—the Marquis de Noailles to Washington, the Duc de Cazes and the Duc de Broglie to London, the Marquis de Vogué to Constantinople, the Marquis de Bouillé to Madrid, the Comte de Harcourt to Rome, and the Marquis de Gontaut-Biron to Berlin.

—That man of rigid and exacting views on things generally—Mr. "Mark Twain"—when in London, a few weeks since, took occasion, in the interest of humanity, to visit the correctionary institutions of that metropolis, among others, Newgate. One of the turnkeys of that institution said to a Quaker lady, "I was showing our place the other day to a remarkably intelligent American, who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought we were too lenient. That gentleman said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it,' said he, 'we caught a rascal in America the other day whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we only hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.'" "Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made that remark to thee?" said the Quakeress. "Ah, yes," said the warder, reflectively; "let me see—it was a Mr. 'Mark Twain.'"

—Dr. Lyman Beecher's pastorate in East Hampton, Long Island, was of ten years' continuance. His salary was $300 and his fire-wood, which, after five years, was raised to $400. That was over seventy years ago.

—It is not generally known that John Milton's tomb is still intact in London, and that in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, the remains of the great poet, interred in 1674, lie with those of his father, buried in 1646. The church itself is of grand proportions, and the oldest but one in London, having been built in 1090.

—A potentate of South America is about to visit England. This personage is the King of Araucania. His dominion contains a population of about 2,000,000, and he is nominally subject to Chili. The King, who was originally a French barrister, M. De Tourens by name, visited Araucania some fifteen years ago, and soon after succeeded in having himself chosen King, assuming the imposing title of Orelie Antoine the First. He is described as amiable in disposition and modest in his habits. He goes to England to solicit manufacturers to send things thither for sale.

—President Lincoln's last writing was addressed to the late George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, who presided at the Chicago Convention that nominated him for the Presidency. It was a message written on a card on the President's knee on the night of his assassination, just as he was starting for the theatre, and read as follows: "Allow Mr. Ashmun and friend to come to me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, April 15, 1865. A. Lincoln."

—The pastor of the North Baptist Church, in this city, in administering, a few Sundays since, the Lord's Supper, said that it was the first time since the organization of the church, forty-seven years ago, that Deacon James H. Townsend had been absent at the ordinance. He was detained by indisposition.

—The St. Louis *Journal* says that "the Bishop of Atlanta is one of the nicest, smoothest, squarest old fellows in the business."

—At the annual Convention of the Episcopal Church of the diocese of New York, held on the 24th ult., Bishop Potter's salary was fixed at $9000 per annum, and that amount ordered to be paid for the year ending September 1. The salary of the bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church having charge of New York and parts adjacent is $5000 per annum and a residence. The salary of Archbishop M'Closkey, of the Roman Catholic Church, is $1500 per annum. He also has, rent free, the archiepiscopal residence in Madison Avenue, and likewise a carriage, horses, coachman, etc., the maintenance of which is paid from the revenues of the cathedral. If more is required for household purposes it is given to him; but he is a man of simple habits and tastes, and sets a good example to his clergy. The pay of Catholic priests is $800 per annum to pastors of churches, and $600 to assistants. A residence is also furnished to them, and certain perquisites for household expenses.

—"John Paul's" (C. H. Webb) letters from Saratoga—the raciest (horse-raciest), most humorous that have been written from that quiet rural resort—are to be issued in book form by some New England man, who has a wild mania for speculation and money to risk.

—A very pleasant, amiable gentleman is the King of the Belgians; well-looking, moreover, being over six feet high, well built, and has a pleasant face; but he is an insipid monarch. Not so with the pretty Austrian Archduchess, his wife: she is full of intelligence and spirit.

—Francis P. Blair, Sen., in a recent conversation on public affairs, remarked: "I never underestimated General Grant. He has a great deal more talent than he gets credit for. He is endowed with that unknown quality called common-sense. He is very quick in his perceptions, a good judge of men as well as horses, looks at circumstances, weighs every thing carefully, and when his mind is once confirmed in his deductions, he acts as decisively and successfully as any man I ever knew in all my long experience among public men. He is superior to his party—much better than his party in every respect."

—Mr. Ross Winans, of Baltimore, has completed in that city one hundred and thirteen brick dwelling-houses, four stories high, suitable for people in moderate circumstances. They possess unusual accommodations for dwellings of their class. Their cost was about $500,000, and they will accommodate about 1500 people.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Among the noteworthy incidents of the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in this city is the reception of a friendly letter from the Old Catholic Congress at Constance, "detailing the objects of Old Catholicism, and thanking the Americans for their sympathy." It is signed by Bishop Reinkens, Von Schulte, and other leaders. The letter is a reply to a proposition from the Rev. Dr. Schaff, of the United States, on behalf of the Evangelical Alliance, inviting the Old Catholics to send three delegates to the Conference meeting October 2 in this city. The invitation was declined on account of the shortness of the time intervening, and the difficulty of finding delegates sufficiently acquainted with the English language for the performance of such a service.

The reception given in Association Hall on the evening of October 2 by the United States Evangelical Alliance to the foreign delegates attending the Conference was a memorable occasion. The hall was tastefully decorated. Dr. Adams made an address of welcome of great beauty. Responses were made by Lord Churchill, of England; the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, of London; the Rev. Dr. Fisch, of Paris; Dr. Coulin, of Geneva; the venerable Professor Dörner, of Berlin; Professor Christleib, of the University of Bonn; the Rev. Cohen Stuart, of Holland; and the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, of Bombay. In the course of his address, Professor Christleib offered his hand very cordially to Pastor Fisch, of Paris, with a very happy effect upon the audience.

On Friday, October 3, the Conference was formally opened in Steinway Hall with appropriate services. Ex-President Theodore Wolsey, of Yale, was chosen president. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, and the Rev. Matteo Prochet, of Italy. Steinway Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Among the memorable incidents of the recent meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was the presence of a number of Dakota Indians, who addressed the assembly with happy effect. Professor J. H. Seelye, of Amherst College, gave an account of his recent visit to the Christian missions in India. The attendance at all the services was very large.

The Old Catholic Congress assembled on September 12, according to appointment, in the Council Hall of Constance. In this city, from 1414 to 1418, was held one of the great Councils of the Roman Catholic Church, which was made forever memorable by the condemnation to the stake of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. The historical coincidences of the occasion were not forgotten by the speakers who addressed the Congress. Among the representatives of other churches present were Bishops Doane and Lyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, the Dean of Chester from England, M. De Pressensé and the Abbé Michaud from France, two clergymen from the Russian Church, and Father Hyacinthe. At the opening service, on Thursday evening, September 11, several of these visitors addressed the assembly. Von Schulte was elected president by acclamation. He stated in his opening speech that the Old Catholics were now in possession of one hundred parishes, and that their number would better be reckoned at 200,000 than at 50,000, as stated by Bishop Reinkens in his pastoral. The Congress devoted its first day to the draft of a "synodal and congregational constitution," which was adopted. Many of the points of the draft are of great importance. One is, that the Old Catholics "renew their claim, as Catholics, to all endowments, rights, and buildings of the Roman Catholic Church." Another, that the Synod shall be composed of the priests, and *one delegate from each parish for every 200 electors.* Still another, that the congregation shall be governed in all matters not strictly spiritual by the priest and a council to be chosen by the congregation. The priest is "to be elected by the congregation, and instituted by the bishop with the consent of the state." These are the outlines of a liberal Church constitution, and are conceived in the Protestant spirit. It is said that the letter of the Congress to the Evangelical Alliance speaks very sharply of Rome and its teachings.

Some of the speakers at the anti-confessional meetings in England tell marvelous stories of their antagonists. At one held in Sheffield, September 8, the Rev. Dr. Potter said that when "he came to Sheffield young ladies came to him who had been practiced upon by some of the infidel ritual confessors, and said, 'For God's sake let me kneel at your knee, and receive the consolations of the Christian Church;' and he had said, 'Begone! [Laughter and cheers.] Get thee behind me, Satan.' [Great laughter.] They came to him because they had gone to the curate who was in his parish before him. He could give the names of parties who had fallen into the deepest sin that women could fall into, whose first step of degradation was in the confessional in the church that he now ministered in." (Cries of "Shame.")

On the other side the ritualistic organs continue their assaults upon every bishop who is obnoxious to them. The *Church Times* calls one who has excited its displeasure "a prelate who has been content hitherto to dwell in the decent obscurity which best suits his capacity and influence," and that he "was a Bampton lecturer, but one of those whose sermons are forgotten before the course is ended." The battle waxes warm.

A document is being circulated among French Protestants for signature and presentation to the Protestant members of the French Assembly, calling upon the latter to oppose by their votes the restoration of Henri V.

The pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Paris, in which the kingdom of Italy was denounced, and Frenchmen were called on to avenge the Pope, has made a flutter in the political world. The archbishop calls upon France to efface "the outrage which has been committed against Catholicism," to resent the "audacious violation of the conditions essential to the existence of Christendom," and to bring the sacrilegious invasion to an end. This belligerent document was made the subject of a strong remonstrance in the Permanent Committee of the Versailles Assembly. On behalf of the government the Duc de Broglie declined all responsibility for the pastoral, and declared that the policy of France was one of peace. The French ultramontanes are overshooting their mark.

The cable dispatch which recently appeared stating that the Roman Catholic priests of the States of Alabama, California, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, and Wisconsin had sent an address to the Catholic priests of the German empire, approving their attitude in the struggle with the government, appears to be confirmed. It is reported that the text of the address has been published in the ultramontane paper *Germania*.

The *Western Catholic*, published in Chicago, boldly avows that the object of Romish hostility to the public schools is that by separation from them Catholics may more successfully build up their Church, and then with equal boldness avows its expectation of State aid for Catholic schools in process of time. We place its language here as matter of public record:

> "Whoever does send his children to the public schools is weakening our cause by lending help to the enemies of Catholicity. Moreover, it is our duty to strengthen Catholic schools by all the means in our power; by our example, our professions, our money, as far as we can. It is true that it is burdensome to be supporting two sets of schools, but that is one of the misfortunes of living in a country principally peopled by non-Catholics. *We have to endure it for a time.* One of the best means of obtaining justice for our schools is by sending our children to them, for when our opponents see that we will not patronize their schools, they will then the more readily yield us our rights in this regard. They may say that the Constitution of the State of Illinois forbids giving aid to separate schools. The Constitution of the United States once recognized slavery. It was changed. So will the Constitution of the State of Illinois as it affects separate schools."

It would be well for the *Western Catholic* not to be too sanguine.

Not only are the Mennonites migrating from Southern Russia to the United States, but the Russian members of the Reformed Church also, whose doctrinal symbol is the Heidelberg Catechism. Like the Mennonites, they are of German stock, and come to us for the enjoyment of greater religious freedom. A colony of six hundred and forty-three of these German Russians arrived recently at this port. They were under the leadership of Mr. Grosshaus, who is described as "a venerable long-bearded patriarch." They were met at Castle Garden by the German Reformed pastor from Rochester, New York, and began their life in the New World by a service of prayer. They have purchased land and settled near Omaha. Another colony from Russia of members of the same faith has settled in Dakota.

Dr. Baring, Bishop of Durham, who is a decided anti-ritualist, appears to have, as the French say, the courage of his opinions. He has decided to require of every incumbent of a parish who applies for the licensing of a curate a written pledge that he will not require of such curate "1, that he wear colored stoles; 2, that he take part in or be present at the burning of incense; 3, that he turn not his back upon the congregation during the celebration of the Holy Communion, except when 'ordering the bread.'"

It is, however, complained that the bishop by this determination is punishing the poverty-stricken curates, and that he should declare his war upon a higher class of offenders. The Rev. Dr. Dykes, an incumbent, to whom this rule was applied, has asked the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus calling upon the bishop to show cause why his requirements should be obeyed. The Bishop of Chester has also given his consent to the prosecution of an incumbent in his diocese for alleged ritualistic practices.

Dr. Duff, the eminent East Indian missionary, has spent the last summer in Norway, and has brought back a valuable account of recent religious movements there. Until 1814 Norway was united to Denmark, but is now in union with Sweden. The form of religion established by law is the Episcopal Lutheran, with the Augsburg Confession as the standard of doctrine. The church is closely bound to the state, and only since 1845 has any dissent from it been allowed. The country is divided ecclesiastically into five provinces, over each of which is placed a bishop. These officers do not, however, claim apostolic succession. They and all the clergy are entirely subordinate to the state; the laity are not recognized in the church's administration. The people are so scattered and so separated from each other by the friths which penetrate the coast that numbers of them attend church but once a quarter, and many but once or twice a year. The confirmation of the youth of the country is compulsory. Every young person between the ages of fifteen and nineteen must be instructed and examined by the minister of the parish, and, if giving satisfaction as to religious faith, must be confirmed, and a week after confirmation must take the sacrament according to the ritual of the state church. Every young person "not thus confirmed and admitted to the sacrament before the age of nineteen is liable to be put in jail." No one can take a state office who is not a member of the Established Church, and has not received the sacrament therein. Marriages are solemnized by the parish priests only.

It may well be supposed that the Norwegians feel this system of state churchism to be oppressive. A great awakening under a peasant preacher, Nielson Haug, occurred in the early part of this century; as a result, home and foreign missions have been established. A movement has at last begun to free the church from its bondage, and to obtain for it some degree of self-government. This year a general assembly of the whole kingdom was held in the capital, Christiania, on the 4th of August. It was the first of the kind ever known in Norway. The King himself attended on Thursday, August 7. The burden of the many speeches was the freeing of the church. On the question whether church membership should be made a condition of eligibility to state office, four hundred voted for the abolition of the present law, and only twenty or thirty for its retention. The vote against the compulsory system of confirmation was unanimous. The privilege of civil marriage, if desired by the parties, was voted for by a large majority. And, finally, it was decided that there ought to be congregational and other meetings looking to the self-government of the church.

It was agreed that the state should be petitioned to grant these reforms, but that if they were refused, the "Free Protesting Church of Norway" should be organized.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the astronomical works executed of late years, and having a bearing on our ideas concerning the construction of the universe, none seem more worthy to rank with the labors of the Herschels and the Struves than *The Durchmusterung; or, The Marshaling of the Northern Heavens*, by Argelander.

This work embraces accurate observations of 324,000 stars, and the preparation of large and elaborate charts, showing graphically the positions of these stars. In order to make use of this work in obtaining a general view of the distribution of the stars, Proctor has compiled an equal surface chart on a small scale, showing the number of stars in each square degree; and from a study of this he deduced some interesting views, which were published in the year 1870. Astronomers interested in these studies will be glad to learn that Mr. Proctor has now concluded to publish his chart in the shape of a photograph, eighteen inches in diameter; and by means of which, with the naked eye, one may obtain a highly interesting and correct view of the appearance of the heavens as seen with a small telescope.

Among the more important meetings of men of science already held during the present year we may mention that of the British Medical Association of London, which took place on the 5th of August last, and was attended by a very large number of representatives and visitors, including many of the most prominent members of the faculty on the continent of Europe, and several from the United States. The routine consisted of an anniversary and valedictory address, and proceedings in general council and special session, attended by various entertainments and other lighter features. The medical journals contain very full abstracts of the proceedings; and we doubt not that the result of this interchange of views, and the announcements of discoveries, will result in an appreciable advancement in medical science.

The first volume of the final report of the Geological Survey of the State of Ohio has lately made its appearance in the form of a handsome octavo volume of nearly seven hundred pages, and an atlas of plates. This is devoted to an account of the geology of the State, and will be followed in a few weeks by another volume upon its paleontology. Four other volumes of a smaller size are to appear hereafter, together with a general geological map. Of these, one on general geology and one on economical geology will be completed and ready for the printer in January next. A third volume, on agricultural zoology and botany, and a fourth, embracing the remainder of the paleontology, will complete the series.

From a history of the geological survey of Ohio, by Professor Newberry, the present State geologist, we learn that as long ago as 1836 a committee was appointed to ascertain and report to the Legislature the best method of obtaining a complete geological survey of the State, and an estimate of the probable cost of the same. That committee consisted of Dr. S. P. Hildreth, Dr. John Locke, Professor J. H. Riddle, and Mr. I. A. Lapham. These gentlemen submitted to the Legislature of 1836–37 the plan of a general geological survey, upon which action was immediately taken, and a bill was passed on the 27th of March, 1837, appointing a corps of geologists, and appropriating $12,000 for the prosecution of the work.

Professor W. W. Mather was placed in charge of this survey, with Dr. S. P. Hildreth, Dr. John Locke, Professor J. P. Kirtland, J. W. Foster, Charles Whittlesey, and C. Briggs, Jun., as assistants.

The first report of their labors was presented and published in 1837, and a second in the year following. The financial panic of 1837 and the consequent paralysis in business interfered with labor in this direction, and the survey was interrupted. Enough had been done, however, to show the great economical importance of such labors, and to warrant the hope that before long they would be resumed. This was prevented by various causes: the first being the defalcation of the State Treasurer, by which half a million of dollars were lost; second, the expenditures for a new State-house; and, finally, the war of the rebellion. The idea was not lost sight of, however, and in 1869 an act was passed authorizing the renewal of the work, and providing for the appointment of officers for the survey, of whom Professor J. S. Newberry was the chief geologist, and E. B. Andrews, Edward Orton, and John H. Klippart, assistant geologists, together with several others, whose services were required but a short portion of the year.

The chemical work was intrusted to Professor Wormley, of Columbus, one of the best analytical chemists in the country. The work began in June, 1869, and has been prosecuted with the utmost diligence ever since, annual reports of progress being made from year to year, each filling an entire volume, and supplying copious notes in regard to the general and economical geology of the State. The limitation of time for the work made by the Legislature having been reached, the publication of the general results has commenced with the volume first referred to.

It will of course be sufficiently understood that so vast a State as Ohio, with its immense resources and extended areas of coal, iron, stone, and other economical products, can not be thoroughly explored in any thing like the time that has been devoted to the purpose, but it is probable that, the broader features having been thus sketched out, the details can be filled in from time to time. It is very much to be hoped, however, that the Legislature will authorize a renewal of the work, so as to give as complete an exposition as possible of the subject, as they will thus be doing what will redound not only to their own reputation, but to the best material interests of the commonwealth.

The appropriations made by the State in 1869 were on quite a liberal scale, although the salaries allowed to the chief officers were very inadequate, bearing but a slight proportion to the value of the service rendered. The chief geologist received $3000, of which a large portion was paid by him to an assistant, not otherwise provided for, as compensation for such time as was devoted to his other duties. Three assistants received $1800 each, and for chemicals and local assistants $5500 were appropriated, making an aggregate of $13,900. In 1870 an appropriation of $18,000 was made, and in 1871 one of $21,000. The appropriations for subsequent years have been already mentioned in our pages.

The cost of the survey to the State has been somewhat unnecessarily increased by the publication of an excessive number of copies of the report; as, while the chief geologist estimated that 5000 copies would be sufficient for the needs of the State, and to supply outside institutions and individuals, 20,000 were actually printed; this involving not merely a great expense for press-work and paper, but also for the numerous plates accompanying the reports. The responsibility of this excessive number, however, rests upon the Legislature, and not on the geological corps.

Still the resources of the State are sufficiently ample to meet such expenditures, while the increased number will insure the supply to very many more intelligent recipients. It is to be hoped, however, that the appropriations for the continuation of the remaining volumes of the report will not in any way be interfered with by the excess of the first order.

Professor Newberry renders proper acknowledgments to various persons, both savants and others, who have aided him in his work.

The volume which constitutes "Part One" of the report contains a valuable sketch of the physical geography of Ohio, with a statement of its geological relation to the Silurian and Devonian system, and also an account of the geology of Cuyahoga County, Summit County, all by the chief geologist, and constituting about one-third of the volume. Professor E. B. Andrews follows with a history of Gallia, Meigs, Athens, Morgan, and Muskingum counties; Mr. Edward Orton, with that of the Cincinnati group—Hamilton, Clermont, and Clarke counties; the remaining counties being reported upon by Mr. M. C. Read, Mr. G. K. Gilbert, and Mr. N. H. Winchell.

We gather the following summary of the weather from the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office for the week ending October 1, 1873. During the past week two severe storms have passed over the Lake region, and thence eastward to the St. Lawrence Valley, accompanied by brisk and high winds, cloudy weather, and rain. An area of high barometer, with decidedly cool weather, extended from the Northwest to the South Atlantic coast during the latter portion of the week. Heavy rains have prevailed in the Western Gulf States, and thence eastward to Florida. The mean temperature for the week has been decidedly low from the Ohio Valley to the Lake region and the Northwest. In these districts, and eastward to the Atlantic, frosts have been reported. The rivers have fallen, except the upper portions of the Mississippi, Cumberland, and Ohio, which have risen.

Lieutenant Steever, the commander of the Americo-Palestine exploring expedition, writes under date of June 24 from Heshbon, Moab, giving some account of the progress of his labors. He states that after remaining two months at Beyrout preparing for the trip, he left it on the 22d of March, and went down through ancient Phœnicia; then through Nazareth and the plain of Esdraelon to Nablous, and by way of the Jordan to Heshbon, where they had been for the last two months working on the survey. During that time he had twice visited Jerusalem on business. The party expected to move northward toward Lebanon to summer, as it was too hot to remain at Heshbon through that season. Although the place from which he writes is nearly 3000 feet above the level of the sea, the greatest precautions were necessary to protect the party from sun-stroke.

His party had been quite fortunate in their intercourse with the Arabs, having had but little difficulty with them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The simple song of *Home, sweet Home*, is a cherished one to thousands of hearts, never failing to awaken tenderest thoughts of rest and peace, and turning the recollections of the wanderer back to the humble pleasures of his childhood's home. It seems peculiarly appropriate that in one of the most beautiful parks of our country this sweet poem and its author should have a shrine. The bronze bust of John Howard Payne, the poet and dramatist, was unveiled at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on September 27, in the presence of many thousands of spectators. In connection with this ceremony there were addresses, music, and other appropriate exercises. The bust was designed by Mr. Henry J. Baerer, of New York, and cast at the fine-art foundry of Mr. Maurice J. Power. It is of colossal size, and, as a work of art, is highly praised. It is eleven feet from the pedestal to the head; the shaft is four-sided, slightly tapering to the top, and might, if standing alone, be called an obelisk. On the shaft, in bronze letters, is the inscription, "John Howard Payne, author of *Home, sweet Home!*" and beneath is a line stating that the monument was presented to the city of Brooklyn by the Faust Club. The site chosen for the bust is the elevated ground on the right of the Farm-House. This is an excellent position, as it commands a beautiful prospect, and is one of the most pleasant and frequented spots in the Park. John Howard Payne was born in the city of New York on June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, April 7, 1852. When our country was in its infancy he devoted himself to literary and dramatic pursuits, with no other training than his primitive home afforded. Some of his sweetest verses were written when he was only fourteen years of age. But he never knew what it was to have a home after he was thirteen years old, for about that period of his life his parents both died. Afterward he became a wanderer, entered upon the English stage, and finally died upon the distant shores of the Mediterranean. But it was while he was in London engaged in writing a drama, which was subsequently converted into an opera, that he composed the simple, touching song, *Home, sweet Home.*

The dangers of ballooning are by no means imaginary, as some recent shocking accidents terribly demonstrate. Man has not yet acquired the power and knowledge to control the currents of air above us, nor to guard against disaster when whirling far among the clouds. A certain Professor Bailey recently attempted an ascent from the fair grounds in Wapello, Iowa, in a balloon inflated with hot air. He had scarcely risen from the earth when the balloon was observed by the horrified spectators to be on fire, but the aeronaut, apparently, was not aware of the fact until too high up to drop with safety to the ground. Higher and higher he ascended, suffering we know not what horrible anguish during his awful flight, while one rope after another of his frail support was burned away. At last, when about a quarter of a mile high, he fell with terrific force, and was instantly killed, if he had not before died from fright.

The *Levant Times* reports a terrible storm of wind and rain at Constantinople. The rain was so heavy that within the first twenty minutes three-quarters of an inch fell, according to the gauge at the British Observatory, Scutari. Two minarets of the St. Sophia mosque were much injured, the gallery of one being entirely destroyed, and one of the small cupolas unroofed. In Pera the wall of the burned-out Armenian girls' school near the Patriarchate was blown down, crushing to death a man and three horses. At Galata a chimney-stack fell, smashing through the roof of a shanty and killing a boy. Several of the finest yalis and kiosks on both sides of the Bosphorus have been seriously damaged; one, indeed, on the Asiatic shore has had the side bodily blown out.

King Lunalilo's illness has caused some excitement in the Hawaiian Islands, as no successor to the throne has been appointed, and should he die leaving no issue, the pure royal blood of Hawaii would become extinct.

An inquiry was recently made of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue whether a person who sells brandy peaches, brandy cherries, etc., is liable to a special tax as a liquor-dealer. The Commissioner replied that unless the said articles are *bona fide* sold as such, and contain only the necessary quantity of brandy to preserve the fruit, the dealer must pay a special tax for selling the brandy.

Gelinier is the name of a lad of fifteen who has recently been found to be the leader of a youthful band of desperadoes in Paris. His romantic history develops a most extraordinary phase of juvenile crime. When the young criminals were arrested, Gelinier calmly confessed himself and companions implicated in no less than seventeen murders, and designated various places where booty and the remains of victims were buried; but the most thorough search failed to discover any thing of the kind. The whole affair turned out to be a sort of romance. The boys had indeed formed a systematic plan of robbery, but not being very successful, they invented wild tales of crime and adventure, simply to produce a sensation. They were deeply chagrined when they found they could no longer make the public and the police believe their terrible stories.

Connecticut has made an attack upon Sabbath-breakers, and punished them according to law. It seems that it has been a long-established custom for a multitude of lads, and not a few grown men, to spend Sundays in wandering along the roads and over the fields, robbing the fruit trees and pillaging grape-vines in the vicinity of New Haven. On a recent Sunday, the patience of the people having become exhausted, the potent arm of the law was stretched out, and about seventy depredators were caught. They were fined from one to three dollars apiece and costs.

The guns on the British iron-clad *Devastation* are of thirty-five tons, the largest afloat. They carry a projectile weighing 700 pounds; but it has been found that every time they are fired they score the iron decks of the ship. This at first could not be accounted for, but it is now found to be caused by the grains of powder that have not had time to be consumed within the guns. To remedy this, the guns are to be lengthened; for to move so heavy a weight as the shot they throw a slow-burning powder is essential. The grains of the powder hitherto used have been about the size of ordinary marbles. It is now proposed to increase their size to about the bulk of good-sized walnuts, and at the same time plans are being taken at the royal gun factories to construct guns of sixty tons, with the prospect of going on very shortly to seventy-five tons.

The process of the manufacture of the "cod-liver oil" so extensively used for consumption and constitutional feebleness is thus described: The livers must be taken from the fish, and the process of cooking performed, while they are perfectly fresh. The first step is to wash them clean. They are then put into a large tin boiler, which is plunged into a larger iron boiler filled with hot water, the water not being allowed to touch the livers, and thus they are gently steamed till a quantity of oil floats on the surface. This is dipped out and filtered through flannel, and then twice filtered through bags of mole-skin. After the last filtration it displays a crystalline transparency, and is free from any unpleasant smell or taste. Great care is necessary to secure the proper degree of heat and the requisite cleanliness in the entire process.

The Zoological Garden in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is progressing rapidly. A wire cage has been constructed, which affords quarters for about twenty-five prairie-dogs. A cage for monkeys is also to be provided, and a gigantic aquarium will be established. A collection of birds and animals from Africa is expected in the spring.

An excavation has been made for the anchorage of the East River Bridge on the Brooklyn side which is twenty-five feet deep, from which 17,000 cubic yards of material were removed. A foundation of yellow pine timber has been laid at the bottom of this pit, and the laying of the masonry thereon is progressing.

There is a sanguine expectation that when the new arrangements in the Brooklyn Post-office are fully carried into effect, the delays, difficulties, and uncertainties hitherto experienced in the receiving of postal matter will be removed. Brooklyn holds a rank in population and importance among the cities of our Union that entitles its inhabitants to first-class Post-office arrangements. But in times past it is a well-known fact that letters and papers sent from New York to Brooklyn, or *vice versa*, might or might not reach their destination in proper time; it seemed to rest upon mere chance. Some improvement has recently taken place in this respect, and an additional delivery is made each day. But surely even *three* deliveries is not such a large number for such a city as Brooklyn.

Paray-le-Monial is a small town in the department of Saône-et-Loire, about half-way between Macon and Moulins. It lies on the great Canal du Centre, between Digoin and Charolles, and is in fact now a station of the railway from Moulins to Macon. "In the latter half of the seventeenth century a nun, of the name of Maria Alacoque, of the order of the Annunciation, was an inmate of the Convent Paray-le-Monial, on the Loire. She appears to have been a person of an ardent, unhealthily excitable temperament, probably subject to hallucinations. Two years after her profession she pretended to have received a personal bodily visitation from Christ himself in his human form. She further pretended to have seen the saints and the angels, the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Trinity, and asserted that Christ commissioned her to found the 'Devotion to the Sacred Heart,' and to communicate this command to her confessor, the Jesuit father La Colombière." Clement XIII. gave his formal sanction to her commission, and the Jesuits exhibited the utmost zeal in the affair. Under their influence, proceedings for her beatification commenced in 1836, and came to a successful issue in 1864. A company of eight hundred English pilgrims to the shrine at Paray-le-Monial left Paris on the morning of the 3d of last September, but, in consequence of a stormy passage, did not arrive at Paray-le-Monial until after ten o'clock at night. The train was met at Paray by the curé and a number of priests. The pilgrims formed in procession and visited the shrine singing hymns, each carrying a candle in his hand.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

I Say.—An old gentleman who was in the habit of prefixing "I say" to every sentence to which he gave utterance, having heard that his man-servant mimicked him, thus addressed the ill-behaved domestic when he met him: "I say, John, they say that you say that I say 'I say;' and if I do say 'I say,' I say that is no reason why you should say I say 'I say,' I say, John."

Ridiculously enough, a two-hundred-pound poetess is writing about what she would do "if she were a sunbeam."

"Ye are the children of the devil," was the text of a divine in the morning, and in the afternoon he said, "Children, obey your parents."

A New Jersey tobacconist, with commendable frankness, advertises, "I shall continue to keep on hand imported cigars of my own manufacture."

A negro was put upon the stand as a witness, and the judge inquired if he knew the nature of an oath. "For certing, boss," said the citizen: "if I swear to a lie, I must stick to him!"

A lady was examining an applicant for the office of maid-of-all-work, when she interrogated her as follows: "Well, Mary, can you scour tin-ware with alacrity?" "No, ma'am; I always scour it with sand."

When your pocket-book gets empty, and every body knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it will not "bulge out worth a cent."

Somebody says "tall men like short women." However true this may be, tall women seldom like men who are "short"—financially.

The wind was damp with coming wet,
When James and blue-eyed Lizzie met;
He held a gingham o'er his head,
And to the maiden thus he said:

"Oh, lovely girl, my heart's afire
With love's unquenchable desire.
Say, dearest one, wilt thou be mine,
And join me in the grocery line?"

The maid in accent sweet replied:
"Jim, hold the umbrella more my side;
My brand-new bonnet's getting wet—
I'll marry yer, yer needn't fret."

"Mother wants to know if you'll please lend her your preserving kettle, 'cause you know as how we want to preserve." "We would with pleasure, boy, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother she preserved it so effectually that we have not seen it since." "Well, you needn't be so sassy about your old kettle. It was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't 'a troubled you again but she seen you bringing home a new one."

"What was the result of the trial of that horse-stealer?" asked a Missourian of his neighbors. "Oh, he was left in suspense."

Somebody wants to know if a clergyman with a collection of minerals and fossils can properly be called a cabinet minister.

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy-constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

What is the difference between an angler and a dunce?—One baits his hook; the other hates his book.

We are told that nothing is made in vain—but how about a pretty girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

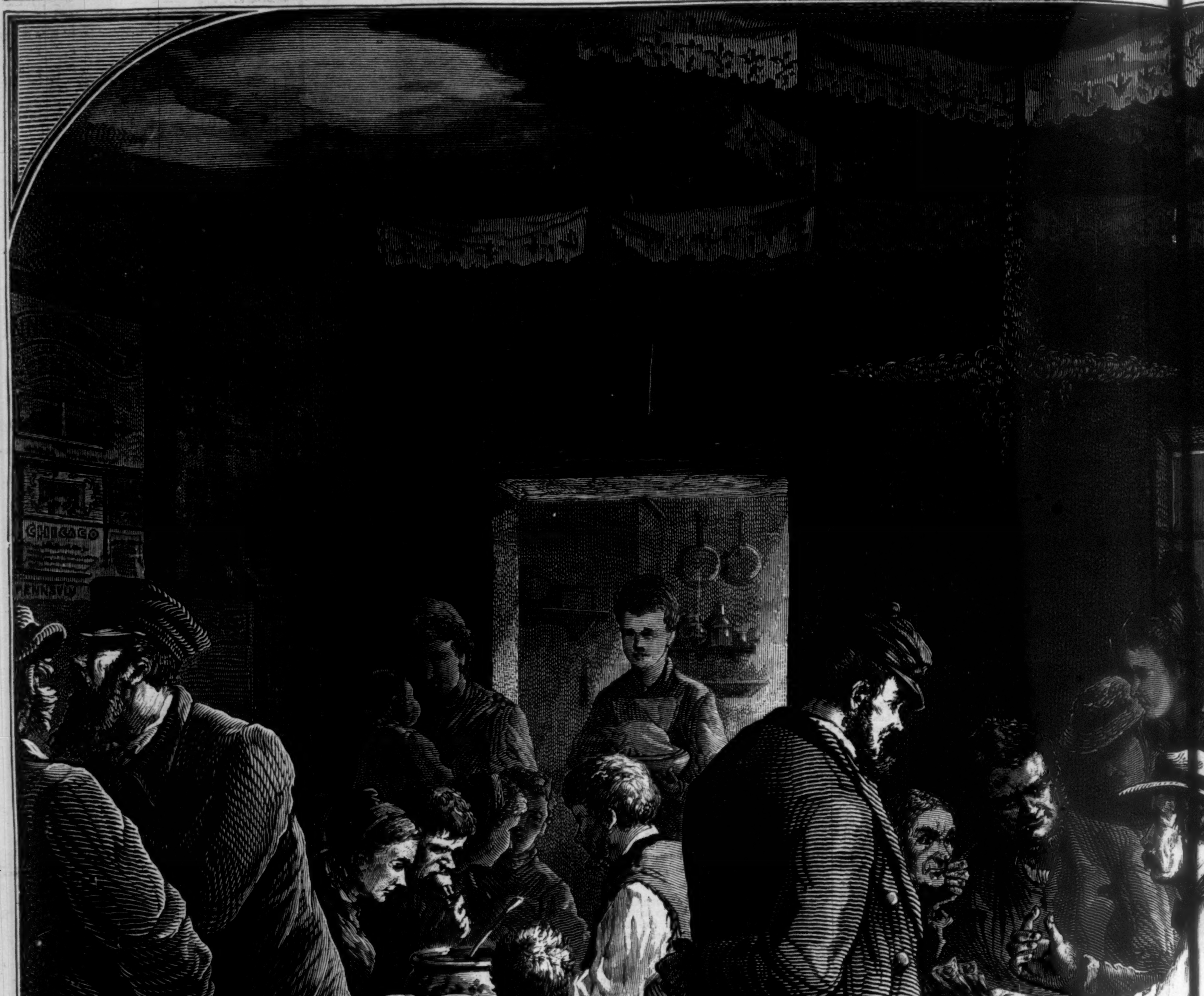
Young ladies, always give precedence to old age. Never go to the wash-tub if your mother or grandmother is present.

A writer in the *Californian* delivers a Sunday-school address, of which the following passage is an example: "You boys ought to be kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his little sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the early summer-time, when the June roses were blowing, with the sweet words of forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his best hat on."

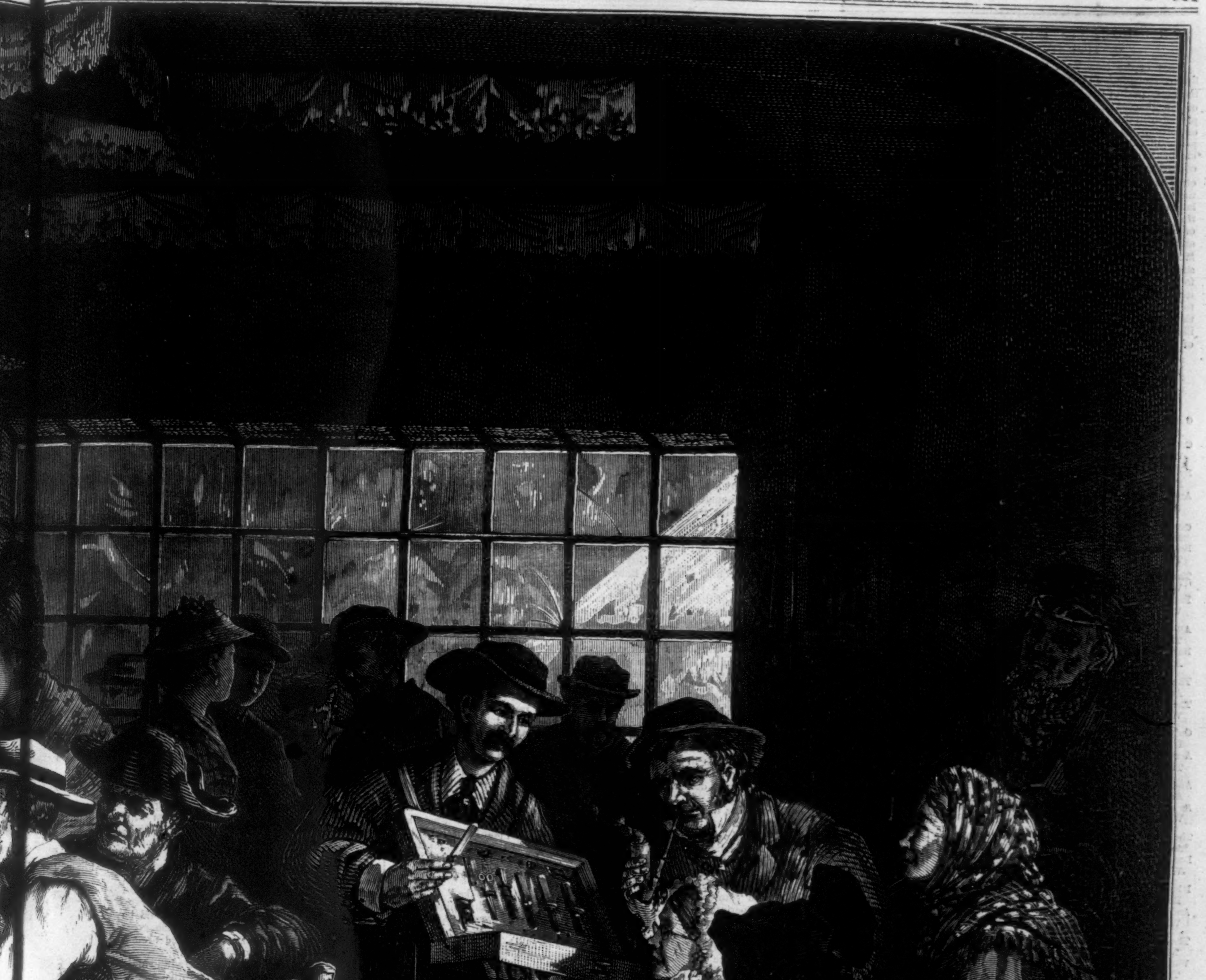
A prudent match-making mamma gave the following candid advice to her daughter: "Oh, marry the man you love, girl, if he is as rich as Crœsus."

Never undertake to fasten a door with a lock from your own head.

A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenborg thus: "Mr. ——, you say that we are to follow the same business in heaven that we do in this world?" "Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason; for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should his creatures be?" "Well, thin, yer honor, do paple die there?" "Certainly not; they are as immortal as the Creator himself." "Thin I should like to know, yer honor, what they'll find for me to do, for I'm a *grave-digger* in this world."


CHICAGO
J. TAVERNIER & FRENZENY.

AN EMIGRANTS' BOARDING-HOUSE I



IN NEW YORK.—[See Page 922.]

AN EMIGRANTS' BOARDING-HOUSE.

MOST of the New York boarding-houses for the accommodation of emigrants are situated in the lower part of the town, in the neighborhood of the wharves of the various steam-ships that ply between this city and the Old World. These establishments are under the supervision of the police, and the owners are held strictly responsible for the welfare of their guests, whom they are obliged to furnish with board and lodging at moderate and regulated prices. As a general rule, the landlords are reliable men, speaking several languages, and able to afford valuable information in regard to obtaining employment, means of going West, where to settle, etc. Runners and land-sharks are generally kept at bay by the landlords, who stand between them and the unsuspicious emigrants who might fall easy victims to their wiles. In general, emigrants seek quarters according to nationality, the Germans going to German houses, the French to those kept by their countrymen, and so on. Our double-page illustration this week shows the interior of one of the better class of these houses.

IN THE MILL.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

OVER the crag the path drops down,
And climbs again to the farther bound,
Creeping away to the distant town,
While the wind in the sails goes round and round.

By day and night has the blast its will,
From heaven's four corners, with little bound:
An empty moorland from hill to hill,
Where the wind in the sails goes round and round.

Only my mill and I between;
My mill and I—and a sunken mound!—
How many years since that was green?—
The wind in the sails goes round and round.

The livelong troubled night before
Whined and started the drowsing hound;
Rattled the latch on the barred-in door,
While the wind in the sails went round and round.

All night it seemed through the dark about
That something moved with a moaning sound;
But the stars were hid, and the storm was out,
And the wind in the sails went round and round.

The livelong night I could not rest,
And late and long the corn I ground:
The wheel and I, we worked our best,
While the wind in the sails went round and round.

Only, at last, in the glimmer of dawn,
I looked abroad on the lonely ground:
A cold white mist was over it drawn—
The wind in the sails went round and round—

And first a lock of long black hair,
And next an outstretched hand I found,
As slowly I went down the steep mill stair,
While the wind in the sails went round and round.

The face I had loved as a boyish fool,
And cursed in my manhood, dead and drowned,
Looked up at me through the curdling pool,
While the wind in the sails went round and round.

I buried her straightway out of ken,
Deep, down deep, out of sight and sound!
And so—I climbed up the stair again,
While the wind in the sails went round and round.

The world rubs on like the wheels of my mill,
Whoever may under its weight be ground:
With sorrow or joy no man stands still—
The wind in the sails goes round and round.

Can any ghost of the buried past
Rise up from under yon trampled mound?
What matters the scream of the midnight blast
When the wind in the sails goes round and round?

Whether from north or south it blows,
Ever the same my corn is ground.
Why should I reckon what comes or goes,
While the wind in the sails goes round and round?

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

As I intend this article to be a political one, I shall endeavor to keep personalities out of it; but somehow the subject always takes me back to the time when Charley and I first went out West.

You see, it was our wedding-tour, and that alone would be sufficient to make one remember a journey for a lifetime. I was not at all eager that this grandeur should be added to our espousals, and would much rather have dispensed with it. Fashion was not so extremely rigorous at that time; and oh, how glad I *would* have been to have not gone away one step from home, but boarded with mamma!

We might have had that big sunny room on the second floor, with the little snuggery off, and mamma would have given me that pretty white and green set, curtains and porcelain and every thing to match, and I could have had my own dear little rocking-chair and work-box and writing-desk, and we could all have shared the piano; it needn't have been moved an inch out of its old place in the back-parlor. Mamma and I could have been together the whole day long, and when evening came, Charley would have come in with the rest, and what a dear old, jolly, splendid life it might have been, if Charley's rich old uncle had never been born, or hadn't gone out West, or hadn't made Charley that very advantageous offer to bring his young wife and come out there and get rich.

Get rich! That was the poison that infused itself into our vitals, and cast that glittering glamour over every body's vision but mine—thank God! not mine. I was too young and too much in love to care about getting rich, and I wasn't so selfishly in love with Charley that I could quite gladly give up my people and dear old home to feed an unholy ambition. Every kindly and gracious line in my mother's face was dear to me; I loved every hair, gray or black, in the head of my father; and although my brothers and I were continually having little petty disputes about something, we kissed and made up afterward, and loved each other all the more dearly.

But what with "wifely duty," and "womanly devotion," and "the grand spirit of enterprise," the sacrifice was decked out in such gaudy colors that one was forced to stop and wonder if it could be possible that I, Kitty Malcolm, was really going away from home and kindred, to travel thousands of miles—almost, in fact, to the exact spot where the sun really set; to leave father and mother and the boys, and go away out there in that desert with Charley Pierce!

My wedding dress was, of course, ruined. While I lay perfectly unconscious and unable to remonstrate (for I fainted dead away at the end of the ceremony), they drenched me with water, never even putting a rug or any thing to catch the deluge, and three entire breadths were spoiled beyond redemption. Then I wiped my eyes on my bonnet-strings, and spotted my gloves, and rumpled my traveling dress, and was altogether a very disconsolate and bedraggled piece of matrimonial woe when we started on that direful journey.

Of course I loved Charley Pierce. Once having known him, I couldn't live without him, and if he *would* go out in that dreadful region, I was compelled to go with him. But I left half my heart, and half my youth, and half of so many things behind me that I was quite a lapsided creature, and never got over that "gone" feeling that took possession of me when the carriage went round the corner, and the last faint outline of mamma was lost to me.

The first sight I got of the prairie I hated it. I never saw any thing so dreary in my life. The infinity of it appalled me, and the monotony of it disgusted me. If there had been a tree, or rock, or shanty, or telegraph pole, or *any thing* to break the view, it might have been endurable; but I looked at it till my eyes ached, and the more I looked the worse it appeared to me.

My desperation took the guise of courage, and I acquired the reputation of being a strong-minded woman. When we got out of the wagons, and the "corraling" was gone through with, every thing available in the way of material about us being used as a sort of protection against the Indians, Charley always said to me the last thing before we went to sleep,

"Remember, Kitty, remember, my brave little wife—death before being dragged away by the red-skins!"

"Oh yes," I said, "certainly," and looked to the priming of the pistol with great interest. Charley went right off to sleep; but many and many an hour went by and I lay wide awake, looking at the queer gloomy skeletons in the clouds, and wondering how coldly and mockingly the stars glittered in the great desolate sky!

I suppose the food had something to do with it. I always had an instinctive aversion to pork and saleratus and dried beef, and I really never supposed there could be so loathsome and repelling a thing as coffee without milk. I must say I think it was very careless and thoughtless for Charley Pierce to forget to procure some necessary articles of food in the "stores," as he called them. He personally superintended the transportation of a great deal of material for his uncle, and it wouldn't have hurt him to have provided us with at least plain, coarse, *wholesome* provisions. Because *he* had the digestion of an ostrich, it didn't follow that every body else had; and I wasn't the only one that suffered in that wretched caravan. I'm sure mamma took the trouble to have every thing nice for him at our table, and he seemed to enjoy his meals at our house wonderfully. The beautiful light muffins and the delicious French coffee, that mamma *made with her own hands*, were absolutely famous; and as for the jellies and preserves, they were in every body's mouth, in every sense of the word. I never spread that old wretched tarpaulin under me and squatted on that horrible prairie, finding before me the same pork and tough yellow dough, hard beef, and black coffee, but simultaneously that glad, sweet vision of home trembled before my aching eyes. I saw the dear old front basement, with its glowing fire in the grate, the great oleander bush in the corner all in bloom, and the canaries singing away in the sunshine; the long table glittering with snowy damask and well-burnished britannia-ware, and the quaint, old-fashioned china, plate after plate heaped up with delicacies too delicious to dwell upon. At the head of the table dear papa, who bore so nobly the grand old name of gentleman, and opposite him, in her afternoon black silk and lovely India muslin cap, her slim, delicate hands busy with that delicious golden coffee, my dearest, best mamma; and all around the table scrambled the boys, while like a skeleton at the feast there sat Kitty Malcolm's empty chair—and she, poor child, sitting out in the damp, cold, snaky prairie!

The dear desperate little woman, no wonder she wasn't much afraid of a pistol!

We got to the city at last—it don't matter what city. I won't injure it or its inhabitants by this sad retrospect. Unless they are greatly changed, they are quite wretched enough already. We got to what they called a city! A few sheds thrown loosely together, so that when the inmates get used to them, and have a few nails ready to hang clothes on, and a screen by way of a partition, the faintest perceptible signs of a human habitation beginning to dawn upon these boards, they can immediately be battered to pieces and put into the wagons again, and carted "out West."

Never could these unhappy creatures, cursed with "the spirit of enterprise," find rest for the sole of their foot. There was always some El Dorado farther on, beckoning them with ghastly pertinacity to an illusive paradise that went by the name of "West." I always thought the whole thing was a fearful embodiment of the Wandering Jew. We became part and parcel of this unhappy community. It would take many quires of paper and talented scribes to depict the trials that filled every hour in the day, the petty torments that edged into the marrow of one's bones, taking the life and substance out of them.

When I think of that wretched thing they called a "street," with its straggling rows of dilapidated sheds on either side, great patches of country stretching between, swept by fierce hurricanes, scathed by icy frosts, seared by burning heat, devoured by an implacable mud, haunted through the desolate night by grim gaunt Indian phantoms riding wildly and weirdly one after the other, always with terrible precision keeping that grim order in the procession, causing the blood, that had barely been saved from congealing by cold, to curdle in one's veins from fright, and murdering the few snatches of sleep vouchsafed from other horrors—when I think upon all these, I can only look upon the ridiculous tales I hear about that region now as absurd and fallacious fancies of diseased brains.

After I had been there three years I looked for the first time into a looking-glass (it was just before my little blessed darling came into the world, and Charley did his best, poor fellow, to have things at least *decent* about me), and I was positively frightened. I started back in terror—pork, saleratus, black coffee, jerked beef, the cutting winds of the prairie, the burning sun of the American desert, homesickness, terror of the savages, fever and ague, and a few other little things, had done their work. Kitty Malcolm was an unrecognizable wreck, a mummy with parchment skin and great glaring hollow eyes. I gulped down a sob or two, and turned the glass to the wall.

Two weeks afterward I was a mother; two months later and I was Kitty Malcolm again, only twenty times a better woman than the old Kitty.

Baby was the necromancer that shed light and joy into every cranny of the old rafters, that softened mamma's eyes and smoothed away that ugly greedy wrinkle over the nose of dear papa—my beautiful bright little Malcolm, for of course I gave him my family name. I thanked the good and gracious God for him, I devoured him with hungry love, I worked myself almost blind by the light of a tallow-candle to fashion his dear little long-clothes, I got back my voice singing to him, and lost all fear of every thing. He was my knight, my hero, my soul's darling! One day I sat toasting his dear pink little feet by the fire, for the air was icy cold outside, and the wind blew a hurricane, when suddenly I heard a light footstep; the string was pulled gently, the latch went up, and there entered the most pitiable-looking bundle of woe it was possible to conceive. At first I thought it was a very dirty blanket endowed with life, but presently I saw a long straggling mass of coarse black hair, and a flat foot purple with cold, poorly protected by a ragged moccasin. When the dirty blanket was thrown partly aside, I found it was a poor young Indian squaw, with a queer wee sick Indian baby.

"Chickaminny, papoosey, shake," she said, pointing to her child; and at that minute it fell into a convulsion, the poor, swarthy, queer little body.

I put Malcolm on the bed near by, keeping a wary eye on the handsome little Apollo, and snatching the water from the fire I put it in a tub; then taking the little Indian, I soused him head and ears and all. The water became black instantly, for never was a poor little creature so burdened with dirt.

He gasped, and opened his eyes wildly. I put a little salt in his mouth, all the while finding it impossible to believe I was doctoring a baby with soul and body like my own beautiful little prince yonder.

Presently the poor little red-skin grew better, his long black eyes resumed their wary glitter, and he crouched down in the pouch of his mother's blanket, watching me with a relentless persistency that seemed to say, "If ever I get to be a warrior, and able to stand paint and feathers, I'll adorn my belt with some of the foolish little locks around that white woman's scalp! I'll teach her to souse me with water, and rob me of my native dirt, nip in the bud my convulsion, and take all these liberties with the son of my father!"

But I think the iron really entered into his soul when I found it necessary to give him quinine. Every evening the gentle young creature would come to my door, and point to her baby, always with the same plaintive cry, "Chickaminny, papoosey, shake!" and then watch me with reverential awe while I forcibly administered the bitter dose to her young brave.

I do not know that she ever expressed any violent gratitude for the evident improvement of her terrible offspring. Her face always wore a stoical, impassive look, not at all unbecoming to her style of beauty. It was of the archæological type, reminding me of one of those grand faces exhumed from ancient ruins.

I grew to love the poor, sad, pretty squaw. Quite a little throb of pleasure would come to me when I heard her soft, familiar touch upon the latch. But I never did, I must own, take to the baby. I was in a manner afraid of him. If he had screamed and kicked when I gave him the bitter dose, it would have been natural, but the first slight grimace grew more and more faint as he hardened himself to endurance, and always there remained that implacable glare in his fierce, glittering eyes. I was glad when he was strong enough to do without doctoring, but I missed sadly the presence of his mother. For she disappeared, and I heard her gentle touch upon the latch no more.

In the mean time my own little Malcolm became the most perfect type of physical beauty that a sculptor ever raved over. Where he got his transparent skin, his magnificent eyes, his straight nose—from whence came those lines of beauty that curved into dimples, and roseate bloom, and artistic shadows—Heaven only knows, but his papa and I looked upon him with absolute wonder, as day after day he grew more and more beautiful. And oh, so good and so natural! He had his fits of passion, and went off to sleep with that dear little sob in his breast that makes every mother long to wake her baby up and soothe it to sleep again. Then he'd lie kicking on the bed, playing with fairies and sunbeams, and goodness only knows all the mysterious and charming shapes that come whispering to babies.

We loved him too much, of course. It is wrong to place every hope and yearning and delight in the frail body of one dimpled baby, but let those help it who can. Charley and I simply worshiped him.

It certainly made us better in every way. It entered into our daily lives, and smoothed away all the little angles and wrinkles. Charley caused two snug and cozy rooms to be substantially put together, talking gayly of the palatial residence that would stand there, or, as he prudently added, thereabouts, when baby was old enough to see and appreciate.

I walked early and late in a patch of soil he had spaded up for me, and which I dignified with the name of garden. I had the pleasure of eating my first radishes and earliest pease. The latest of these and the rest of the vegetables rotted in dire desolation. My garden became a dense thicket of noxious weeds, my home a neglected kennel, and I—oh, poor, poor Kitty Malcolm! how did you ever live to see this day?

It makes me tremble to think of that bright balmy morning—tremble and grow faint, though fifteen years have softened the memory.

Nature was in her best and tenderest mood, the blue sky all flecked with filmy clouds, the very grass trembling and thrilling with happiness. I had grown to see a beauty in the great glowing stretch of color that widened out to the very horizon; and running out to the wood-pile for a few chips to make baby's papa's dinner boil, I stopped a moment, shading my eyes with my hand, and looked about me with a decided touch of Western madness and enthusiasm.

Suddenly a big black shadow loomed up in the doorway of my little dwelling. I dropped my sticks and ran, halting breathless on the threshold, for there in front of the fire was a gigantic Indian—close in his grasp my beautiful little Malcolm, my own baby boy!

I had seen many Indians since my sojourn in the West. I had ordered about and walked over many dirty, drunken, soulless red-skins, and had grown to hold them more in contempt than fear. But this one—this, with his gigantic frame, his great eagle nose and gleaming eyes, the malignant, fierce, gloating expression with which he looked upon my innocent baby—nothing but the courage of despair enabled me to walk into his presence.

I went up to him calmly, trying to shape my trembling lips into a smile; then, nodding in ghastly friendliness to him, I endeavored to take my baby in my arms.

Of course I could not. I knew it would be useless. He was held as in a vise—the great bony fingers of the monster tightened around him, and I withdrew my hold.

"Ugh!" growled the savage. "Big Injin me!"

"Yes, of course!" I faltered, faintly.

"Big Injin me!" he repeated, fiercely.

I started wildly, and clasped my hands in terror, then went about, my wits wandering, my head dizzy with fear and dread, and put upon the table all the eatables I could find—every thing that I had ever known to tempt the appetite or fancy of a savage. He looked upon me like a demon in a quiescent state, following me about with a ferocity that reminded me of something terrible, I knew not what.

Then pointing to the table, I again strove to take the child in my arms. All in vain.

Looking with ineffable scorn upon the food prepared for him, and laying one strong finger on his brawny breast, he said again, with fierce dignity,

"Ugh! Big Injin me!"

He strode forward. Malcolm screamed and put out his little hands to me. I fell at the monster's feet. I implored, I begged of him with streaming eyes. I besought him to think how unworthy a thing it was for a great chieftain, the head, no doubt, of a powerful nation, to torture a poor helpless woman. I implored him to wait till my husband should come, and all the treasures conceivable of blankets in liveliest colors, of beads as glittering as his own dreadful eyes, of trinkets as gaudy as they were worthless, should be laid at the monster's feet.

For a moment he paused and laid his hand heavily upon the weapon in his belt. But the thought of braining me then and there seemed too merciful. He kicked me brutally aside, and trailing his filthy blanket over my half unconscious vision, strode away, taking with him my little baby. I looked with a terrible fascination upon the powerful strides that widened the space between us, till away in the distance he leaped upon his pony and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Then I became mercifully oblivious of every thing. I fell prone in the dust at my doorway, and remained there till Charley came.

He has told me of the horror that appalled him when he found me senseless and his baby gone. For three days he was kept upon this terrible rack of suspense, only when I regained consciousness to be plunged in deeper and more overwhelming grief.

For I refused to be comforted!

What! endure life with this terrible agony searing into my brain! I could far better have resigned him to death and the grave. I might with a bursting heart have given him into the arms of the gracious and bountiful Saviour; but to think of him as the prey of this swarthy fiend! to imagine him in the power of this monster! The thought was unendurable. The sooner I was a maniac the better.

They hunted for him far and wide, sending hither and thither, upon this trail and that. Charley remained by my bedside torn with conflicting agony.

It was a season of horror and despair. A month elapsed, and I was sinking into a rapid decline. Mamma was on her way out to me, but I felt she would never see me alive. I *did* strive for Charley's sake at this late hour to live, but my health, already shattered, had received a terrible shock. Nothing but a miracle could save me. I lay day after day in an apathetic stupor, from which they feared to arouse me lest it should turn to frenzy.

Let me see if I can recall that soft beautiful eventide; the very air was laden with balm and healing. A gentle wind stirred the broad leaves of a gourd vine I had planted in the early spring.

An overwhelming sense of my unworthiness assailed me. It seemed as if the Spirit of God had touched my heart and filled it with a premonition of something sweet and holy and infinitely merciful. If I were indeed destined to die then and there, I could at least be perhaps forgiven. "Charley," I said, striving to reach his bowed and grief-stricken head—"Charley, I have been a wicked, hardened, rebellious creature. I have sinned against God and against you. I have dared to doubt His wisdom and mercy. Charley, the good God has taken care of our little one; somewhere his little bones lie bleaching; but, dearest and best, our baby is with the blessed Saviour."

"And you will live?" said Charley, imploringly.

"Ah, love," I answered, "that, I think, is impossible."

He bent his head again and a strong tremor shook his frame.

Suddenly I thought I heard a faint footfall. It was like the ghost of a vanished memory, but it stirred a host of emotions about my heart. The string was pulled, the latch moved. Yes, it was, indeed, oh, it *was* my pretty sad young Indian squaw. Her blanket, dirtier than ever, hung loosely about her; in the pouch at her back nestled her baby. She glided in her old noiseless way to her familiar nook by the fire, looking upon me with a singular wild yearning.

"Chickaminny, papoosey, shake," said the plaintive musical voice.

I burst into a torrent of merciful tears. For the first time the fountains of my heart were unsealed. I stretched forth to her my hands.

"Alas, poor mother!" I said, "I am all unable to help your baby now; but give him to me. All babies seem near and dear to me now."

She said again, sadly and tremblingly, "Chickaminny, papoosey, shake," and took from the pouch in the blanket a child: a child, sadly thin and hunger-stricken, and oppressed with dirty swathes of unsavory linen; but his eyes were large and beautiful, and his hair shone golden in the light of the setting sun, and his mouth was like that of the young god of love. The sight of him sent such a tide of joy to my heart that I gasped for breath, and thought it must end in death; but I got him in my arms. I hugged him to my heart—my boy, my Malcolm! Thanks to the good and gracious God in heaven, he was mine again! He was ill, and she had brought him to me to cure, the poor, pretty, gentle savage! We doctored each other, my boy and I, with the great medicine of love.

Charley washed him from head to foot, and I bade him go to the big wedding trunk for his little toilet, his dear little embroidered gowns that I never thought would be disturbed again. Then, strong with the delirium of happiness, I flew from my bed; I got down on my knees and embraced the feet of that Indian woman. Charley took the watch out of his pocket, motioning to her to hear it tick, and placed it in her hand, all the time raining tears down on her coarse black hair. I gave her the very orange blossoms I was married in, and a pretty pearl necklace all in filigree of gold.

She remained in her old gentle dignity, quite silent and calm, then glided to the door. "You will come again to-morrow?" I said, yearningly stretching out to her my happy hands. Her lips quivered faintly; she looked at us all, baby, Charley, and me, then went away quickly, without a gesture or murmur—vanished into the soft, black, infinite night.

"She will come again to-morrow," I said, turning to my baby.

"I'll get her the handsomest blanket her big eyes ever saw," said Charley. "If she was a trifle clean, she wouldn't be a bad-looking woman!"

But although more treasures awaited her than any Indian pony could carry, she never came again.

God knows the mystery or the sequel of it all. We only waited for mamma to come, and for baby and myself to get strong, then we went back to my old home in the East. I had many little babies after that, but never one quite Malcolm. Charley made a fortune, and still goes to and fro, West and East. The railroad makes it handy, I suppose, but I never had any desire to travel.

Oh yes, I was going to say something about the Indian question. Well, I certainly think those great fiendish Indian monsters should be punished; but it is surely best to treat with tenderest care the gentle, melancholy squaws; and maybe it would be better to not be too cruel with the men, because of the women; and, in fact, I suppose we must do the best we can, considering every thing. Charley says the whole trouble arose from my scruples about whisky. He says an Indian seldom wants any thing to eat, but always is very thirsty.

I would strongly advise those poor women on the frontier to keep plenty of fire-water in the house, and—well, that is all. I meant to have treated this question with argumentative care and political significance, but Charley says I'd be sure to make it a personal matter. I'm afraid he is right.

WRECK OF THE "COSTA RICA."

On page 917 we give a picture of the steamship *Costa Rica* as she appeared the day after going ashore on the rocks at Lime Point, near the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco. The disaster, as our readers may remember, occurred about eight o'clock in the evening of September 17, when a dense fog, which had prevailed all day, shut out the coast from sight. Owing to the admirable discipline of the sailors, and the coolness of the officers, the passengers were landed in safety. Among the passengers was Mr. Charles Nordhoff, who was returning with his family from a visit to the Sandwich Islands, of which he has given an interesting account in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. From his narrative of the wreck of the *Costa Rica*, supplied to the San Francisco papers, we condense the following account of the disaster:

The *Costa Rica* left Honolulu on the 6th of September with thirty cabin and twenty steerage passengers. She had favorable weather during the voyage until two days before making land, when a heavy fog prevented the captain from taking observations. He proceeded slowly and with great caution. "In the course of the afternoon of Wednesday, the 17th," says Mr. Nordhoff, "the fog lifted two or three times so as to permit us to see the land for two or three minutes at a time. I don't think land was in sight longer than that at any time during the day. I went to call my wife two or three times to come and see the shore, and before she could get on deck the land was hidden. About four o'clock in the afternoon we spoke a fishing vessel, and were informed that we were about ten miles from the entrance to the bay. The captain was very careful, proceeding very slowly, and taking soundings continually as he went. So we went along, seeking something to show us where we were, until night came upon us. It was impossible to get any point to found our reckoning from. During the afternoon the captain told me that he didn't intend to run any risk, saying he would rather remain outside the Gate all night than to risk even alarming the passengers. I laughed at this, and told him he need not be in any hurry on our account, as, under the circumstances, we could wait.

"The fog grew thicker toward dark, and as there was no moon it was impossible to see where we were, and we went very slowly until about eight o'clock, when the vessel struck. She appeared to me to strike under the counters or stern at first, and my impression is that she also struck under the midships, and a little forward of that. She struck but lightly at first, but afterward bumped more heavily several times on the rocks. She then careened seaward. At the time she struck we could not see the land, but could hear the surf beating. The jar of striking was plainly felt, and caused considerable alarm, which was allayed by the wise and prompt action of the purser, Mr. Tucker, and two or three of the gentlemen passengers, who appealed to all in the cabin to sit still and keep quiet. Mr. Tucker acted throughout with great coolness, presence of mind, and manliness in the discharge of his duty. He called a number of waiters to his assistance immediately and distributed the life-preservers very quickly."

It was not at first intended that the passengers should leave the ship; but it was ascertained that she lay on a kind of shelf, with deep water on the outside, and it was feared that, being careened, she might fall off into deep water and sink. For this reason it was deemed advisable that the passengers should be got into the boats immediately. Accordingly the boats were got out and lowered. The first one lowered contained all the women and children that could be found and got into it at the time. It was placed under the care of Lieutenant Delahanty, of the United States ship *Portsmouth*, who was a passenger. It had only two men to pull the oars. One of them was an old man-of-warsman, and Mr. Nordhoff, who can pull an oar with the best, was the other. The next boat lowered was under the command of Ensign Mayer, of the *Portsmouth*. The quartermaster's boat contained several of the lady passengers. The boat commanded by the third mate pushed off for town with a crew, and notified those on shore of the disaster. The quartermaster's boat some time afterward also pulled away toward town, and made the landing about five o'clock in the morning. The fifth boat was foundered in launching by some disarrangement or breaking of the tackle, and some of the men fell overboard. They were picked up by the third mate's boat, and taken into town.

As it was considered unsafe to attempt a landing, and the sea being smooth, the boats remained near the steamer until about two o'clock next morning, when they were picked up by a tugboat, and taken to the city. Mr. Nordhoff speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of Captain Lapidge, commanding the *Costa Rica*, and of his officers. The disaster is attributed to the steamer's drifting from her course while the captain was laying to, endeavoring to anchor. When the boats were first lowered the Chinese hands among the crew made a rush for them, but were driven back, and reduced to obedience by the prompt and decisive action of the officers.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

On August 5, 1845, a number of British clergy, members of the different evangelical branches of the Christian Church, met together for the purpose of effecting a closer relation and a more brotherly feeling among Christians. The favor with which the movement was received throughout Great Britain finally led to a public demonstration at Liverpool in October of the same year, whence dates the origin of the "Evangelical Alliance," a Christian bond of fellowship counting among its members nearly all the nationalities of the known world.

The first General Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance was held in Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, and lasted from August 19 to September 2, 1846; 921 Christians from all parts of the world took part in its twenty-six sessions; among them were forty-seven from the European continent, and eighty-seven from America and other parts. During this meeting of Christians of different nationalities the society organized as an *international* body, and adopted the following as its fundamental principles:

> "The parties composing the Alliance shall be such parties only as hold and maintain what are usually understood to be evangelical views in regard to the matters of doctrine understated, namely: 1. The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures. 2. The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. 3. The unity of the Godhead, and the trinity of persons therein. 4. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the Fall. 5. The incarnation of the Son of God, His work of atonement for sinners and mankind, and His mediatorial intercession and reign. 6. The justification of the sinner by faith alone. 7. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner. 8. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked. 9. The Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

Seven branch associations were formed—one for Great Britain and Ireland; one for the United States; one for France, Belgium, and French-speaking Switzerland; one for Northern Germany; another for Southern Germany and German-speaking Switzerland; one for British North America; and, lastly, one for the West Indies.

The World's Fair at Paris in 1855 afforded an excellent opportunity for the furtherance of irenical theology—*i. e.*, the conciliation of Christian differences—and a second general meeting of the Evangelical Alliance was called for and held at the French capital. It was largely attended, and secured for the Alliance the sympathy of the Christian world. The German Lutherans alone appeared lukewarm, and to gain their hearts also it was determined to hold the third meeting at Berlin, in 1857. The fourth General Conference was convened at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1860, and secured the adhesion of the National Church of the little European republic.

The fifth meeting was to have been held at Amsterdam in 1866, but was postponed, on account of the prevalence of cholera at the appointed time, till 1867. The interval was improved by evangelical America, which had hitherto failed to assume organic form as a branch of the Alliance, and on January 30, 1867, "The Evangelical Alliance for the United States of America" was organized in this city. Eminent divines and laymen of the Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, German Reformed, Reformed, and Baptist churches, and from various parts of the country, signified their approval of the movement either by attendance in person or by letter. The Hon. William E. Dodge was elected its president at the organization, and he has continued in this position.

At the fifth General Conference, held at Amsterdam August 18, 1867, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Great Britain, the United States, the British American provinces, Italy, Spain, Sweden, and Eastern countries were represented. It was generally regarded as the most successful and profitable of all the Conferences; but it looks very much as if the sixth Conference, now convened in this city, will far surpass all former gatherings, both in present interest and future good. At the reception of the foreign delegates on the evening of October 2, Dr. Christlieb, the noted apologist of Christianity in our day, said that the preparations for this meeting had so far exceeded every thing in this regard of any former gathering of the Alliance as to make it difficult for any country in Europe to be our successor for a future meeting.

In our present issue we introduce to our readers the leading characters of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States of America. These men are well known throughout the length and breadth of this country. They have contributed much toward the development of that religious strength which the sixth General Conference will reveal to the European world.

The leading worker for the success of the present gathering is decidedly Dr. Philip Schaff, the noted German theologian, the worthy follower of the modern father in church history. He was born at Coire, Canton Graubünden, Switzerland, January 1, 1819; was educated at the universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin, and afterward lectured on theology in the University of Berlin. His superior abilities attracted the attention of our theologians, and he was invited to Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, as Professor of Church History and Exegesis in the German Reformed Theological Seminary. He came hither, and assumed this position in 1844. Since 1869 he has held a professorship at the Union Theological Seminary of this city. He is noted for his connection with Lange's *Commentaries* and his *Church History*, which has been published in the German, English, French, and Dutch languages. He is the Honorary Secretary of our Alliance, and was in Europe several times to secure the attendance and co-operation of the leading members of the foreign branches of the Alliance.

The presiding officer of the Sixth General Conference, the Rev. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, D.D., ex-president of Yale College, is a native of this city. He was born October 31, 1801. He studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and after a further course of three years in European universities, was elected professor at Yale College in 1831. He was president of that renowned institution from 1846 to 1871. He is particularly distinguished as our ablest writer on political economy and international law. His views during our difficulties with England were largely depended upon by the Geneva Conference last year.

The chairman of the Executive Committee, the Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., is the well-known editor of the *New York Observer*. He was born at Ballston, New York, November 4, 1812, and graduated at Williams College in 1829. After studying at Princeton Theological Seminary, he preached until 1840, when, compelled by ill health, he relinquished the active duties of his profession, and became editor of the *Observer*.

The orator at the reception of the foreign representatives on the evening of October 2, the Rev. William Adams, D.D., one of the oldest and most highly esteemed pastors of this city, was born at Colchester, Connecticut, in 1807, and graduated at Yale College in 1827. From 1835 to 1853 he was pastor of the Broome Street Presbyterian Church; since then he has been pastor of the New-School Presbyterian Church, corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue. He has just been elected Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Union Theological Seminary of this city.

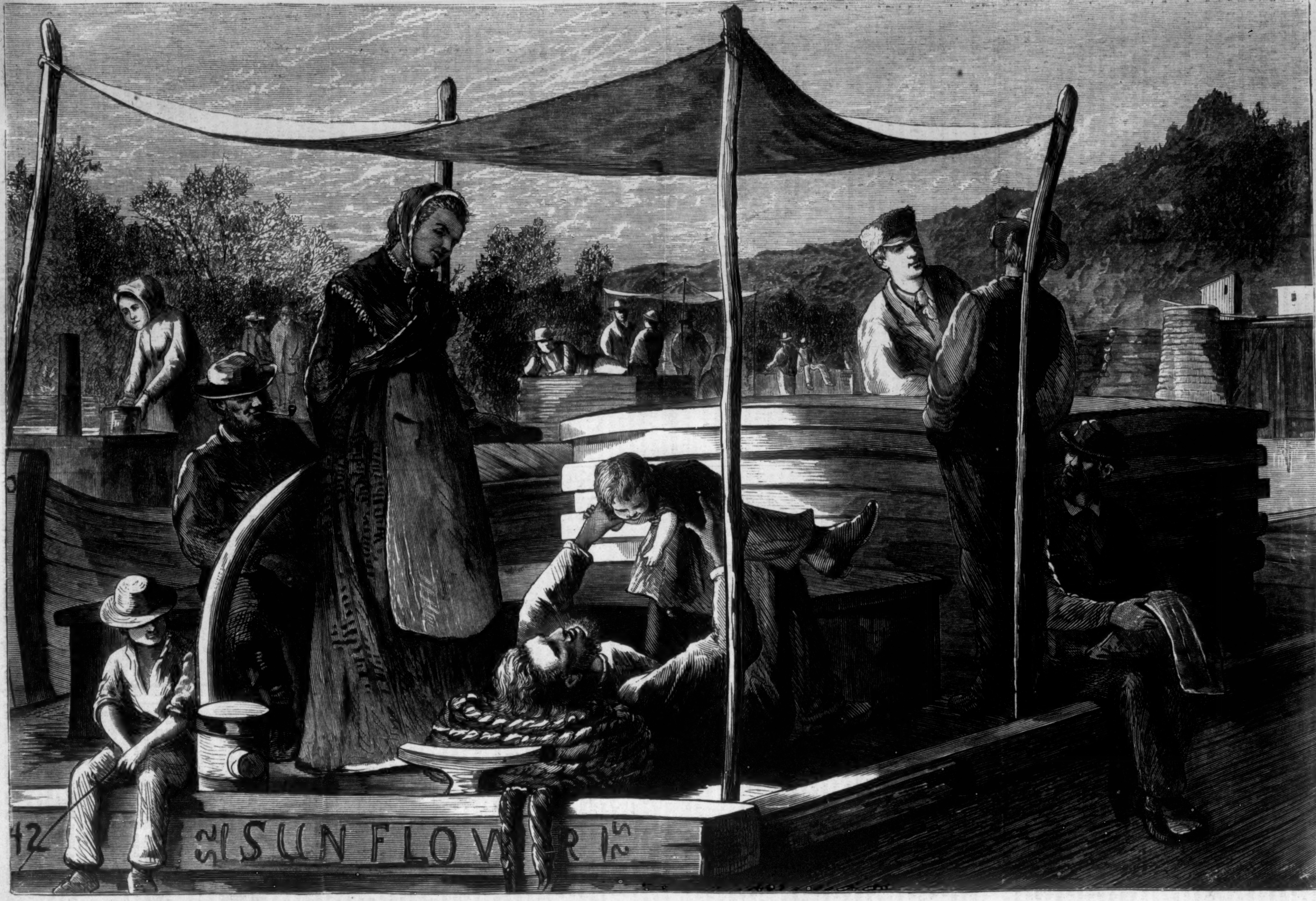
The Methodists, who have been largely identified with the Alliance, are ably represented. One of the most active members from that Church is the Rev. Dr. George R. Crooks, principal editor of *The Methodist*, published in this city. Dr. Crooks is a native of Philadelphia. He was born February 3, 1822, and graduated at Dickinson College in 1840. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1841. He has been the pastor of prominent churches in Philadelphia, Wilmington, and New York. He was associated with the late Dr. M'Clintock in the preparation of Latin and Greek text-books, published by the Harpers. He is now engaged on a biography of the much-lamented Dr. M'Clintock.

A faithful worker in the Christian cause, and an earnest promoter of all good works, the Rev. Dr. Thomas P. Anderson represents the interests of the Baptists. He stands at the head of the ministry in the denomination he serves. He was born at the City of Brotherly Love June 30, 1819, was educated at the University of Pennsylvania (class of 1838), then studied theology at the Newton Theological Institute (class of 1841), and has since occupied the pulpit. He came to this city in 1862, to assume the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Park Avenue, from the Baptist Church at Boston Highland, where he preached nearly fourteen years.

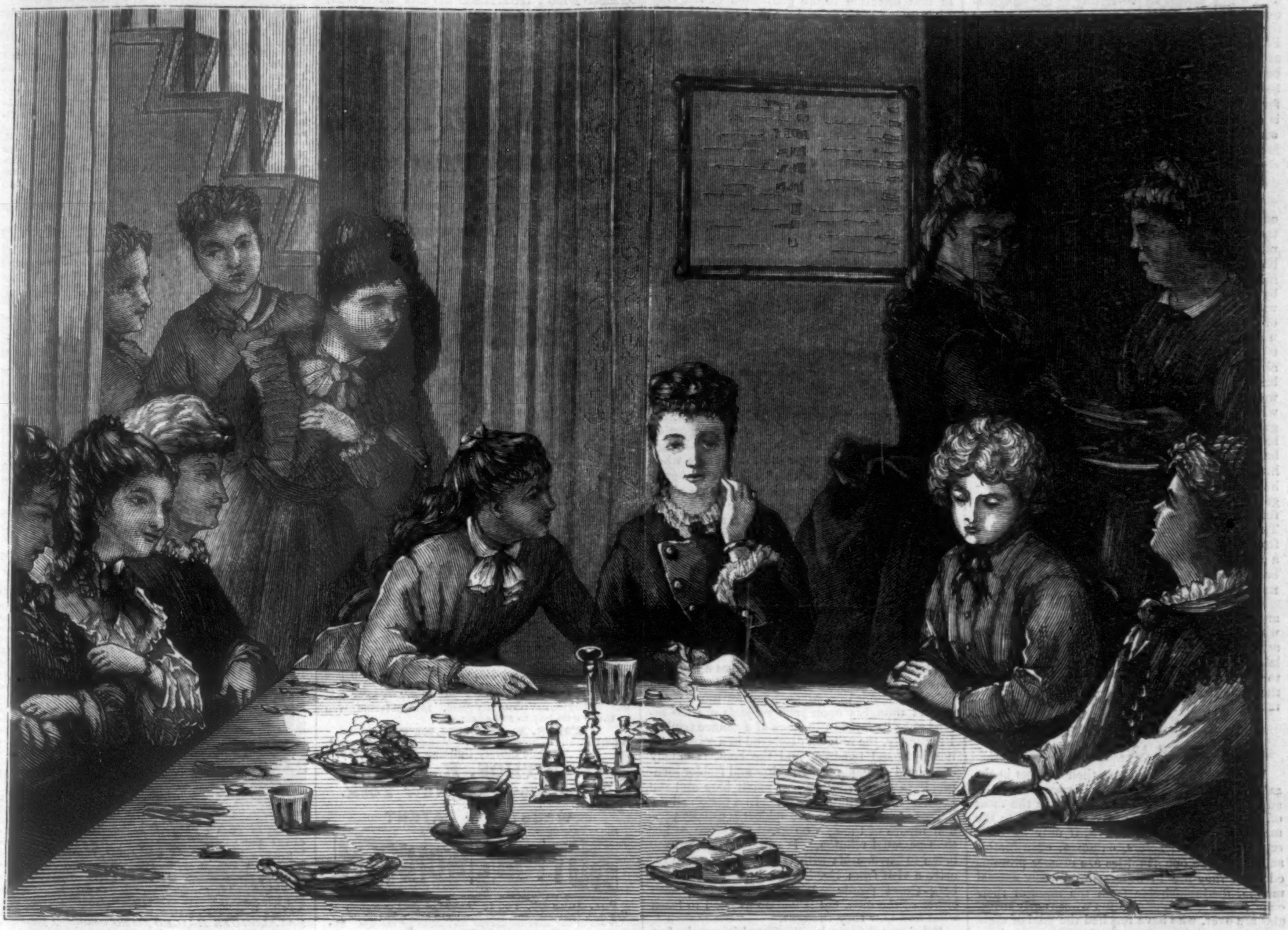
The Methodist Episcopal Church South is represented by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D. He was born at Baltimore in 1820, and graduated at Dickinson College in 1839. In 1842 he was elected professor in the University of North Carolina, and in 1854 president of Centenary College. In 1866 he came North, and is now the pastor of the "Church of the Strangers" in this city. He is a hard-working man. Besides publishing several valuable theological works—among which a *Life of Christ*—he is devoted to the interests of the *Christian Age*, a religious weekly lately started.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, so frequently accused of exclusiveness, has manifested a warm interest in the success of this movement. It has been ably represented by the Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, D.D., the rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. He was born at Pennington, New Jersey, 1825; was graduated at Princeton in 1844, and in 1847 was admitted to the New Jersey bar. In 1851 he entered upon theological studies at Gambier, Ohio. In 1857 he went to Trinity Church, Chicago, to restore a broken-down parish, and after gathering a large congregation, was called to the rectorate of Emanuel Church, Baltimore. He accepted a call to St. Ann's, in Brooklyn, in 1867, and has since gained the reputation of one of the most zealous pastors of the City of Churches.

Delegates are here from the British, French, Belgian, Swiss, Dutch, German, Swedish, Turkish, and Greek branches. There are also present delegates from the New Brunswick, Toronto, Montreal, French Canadian, Coburg (Canada), and Belleville (Canada) branches. Among those appointed to read papers are: From the British branch—the Rev. Messrs. William Arnot, D.D.; Joseph Angus, D.D.; Canon W. H. Freemantle; Robert Knox, D.D.; Professor Stanley Leathes; Narayan Sheshadri; A. L. Simpson, D.D.; R. Payne Smith, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. From the German branch—Count A. von Bernstorff; Professors Theodore Christlieb, D.D.; and J. A. Dorner, D.D. From the American branch—the Hon. Nathan Bishop, LL.D; Cephas Brainerd; the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge (missionary at Beyrout, Syria); the Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D.D.; John Hall, D.D.; Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D.; W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D.; the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; and R. S. Storrs, D.D.; the Hon. W. H. Allen, LL.D., of Girard College, Philadelphia; Martin B. Anderson, D.D., LL.D., President of the University of Rochester; Rufus Anderson, D.D., LL.D., American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston; the Right Rev. Gregory T. Bedell, D.D., of the Protestant Episcopal Church, etc.


42
SUNFLOWER

SUNDAY ON THE CANAL.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 926.]



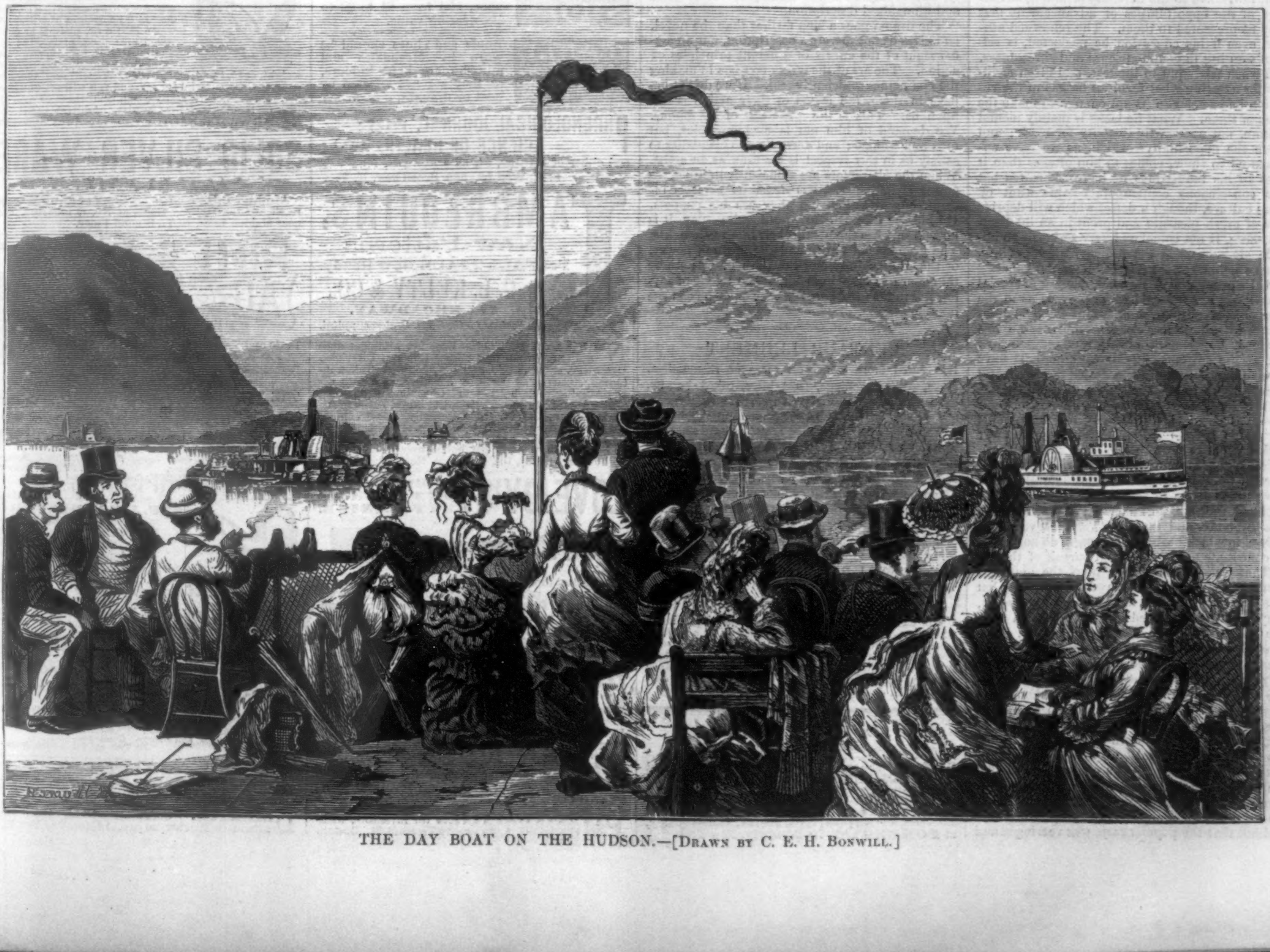
THE LAST ARRIVAL.—[Drawn by Miss Jennie Brownscombe.]

THE LAST ARRIVAL.

Young misses who have been through the experience of finding themselves for the first time alone among strangers at a boarding-school will know how to sympathize with the "last arrival," whom our artist, in the illustration on this page, with such a truthful pencil depicts as undergoing the keen scrutiny of the older scholars. She is, perhaps, fresh from some quiet country home, from which she may never have been away over-night before, and the ordeal through which she is passing is the most trying experience of her life. That most dreadful of all troubles while it lasts, homesickness, takes away all her heart and courage, and she will be only too glad to get into her own room and have a good cry. But homesickness is not generally of very long duration among school-girls. She will soon find congenial mates, and become as gay and happy as the rest.

THE HUDSON RIVER DAY BOAT.

No river in the world presents more beautiful or more romantic scenery than our own noble Hudson. The Rhine, the Danube, and a few other rivers of the Old World have the added charms of ruined castles and ancient legendary



THE DAY BOAT ON THE HUDSON.—[Drawn by C. E. H. Bonwill.]

lore, which appeal so powerfully to the imagination, but in natural attractions none surpasses the magnificent stream which flows beneath the Palisades. The pleasantest mode of becoming acquainted with its scenery is to take the day boat from New York to Albany, or, if this should be impracticable, to select a moonlight evening for the sail. Our lower illustration on page 925 is engraved from a sketch taken on the deck of one of the day boats.

SUNDAY ON THE CANAL.

Between twenty and twenty-five years ago our canals had a large share of the passenger travel, which since then has been diverted to the railroads. Besides the slow and clumsy freight-boats, towed along at the rate of one or two miles an hour, there were "packet-boats," drawn by three horses at a brisk trot, and fitted up with elegance and taste for the accommodation of passengers. On pleasant days, when the sun was not too hot to allow of sitting on deck, a trip by this means of conveyance was quite agreeable, the monotony of life being occasionally broken by the necessity of ducking down at the warning cry of "Low bridge!" But at night, when the berths were put up, and all the passengers bunked in, with far less privacy than we have in our present "sleeping-cars," the cabin became a veritable "black hole." There was little chance for ventilation, and as sometimes a hundred or more passengers were huddled together as close as they could pack, it is wonderful they were not all suffocated before morning. The ladies' cabin, for the night, was separated from the gentlemen's by a heavy curtain. For a graphic description of the horrors of a packet-boat cabin at night, let the reader consult Dickens's *American Notes.*

Our pleasant illustration on page 924 shows an incident of canal life at the present time, when only freight is borne on the bosom of these artificial streams. It is Sunday, and the boat is laid up to afford man and beast an opportunity to rest. The captain has his family on board: they may live with him there, or he may be only taking them on a trip.

SPORT AND STUDY.

The majority of men owe their success in the callings they have selected to opportunities of advancement which, seized and made the most of, have led to wealth and fame. Now to the men whose names are known, if only by their reputation as cricketers, oarsmen, or athletes, such favorable opportunities are oftener presented than they are to others not in any special manner distinguishable from the mass of their countrymen. Men of position whose early struggles are over, who have reached the goal of their ambition, and have henceforth only to reap the reward of their labors, have usually the power, and generally the inclination, to lend a helping hand to the young beginner, and put him in the way of getting the fair start in life upon which his ultimate success so much depends; and even those whose boyhood and youth have been devoted to pleasurable pursuits rather than to the acquisition of intellectual knowledge are commonly, when they have come to years of discretion, fully alive to the necessity of taking advantage of the opportunities of advancement that may be presented to them. The renowned athlete, even if his education be neglected, is seldom wanting in common-sense and shrewdness, and when fairly put to the test, and given facilities for exerting what faculties he has in the vocation he has chosen, is apt enough to make the most of them. What he lacks is mainly mental culture, not necessarily capacity for work; and given the opportunity—which, as we have endeavored to show, comes to him oftener than it does to his industrious or better educated but less conspicuous contemporary—this want of mere culture, though a defect which will deprive him of much pleasure and profit in an intellectual sense, is not calculated very seriously to impede his success in the ordinary affairs of life. Even when a certain degree of mental capacity and the possession of a certain amount of special knowledge are required to be proved, as in the case of competitive examinations for public appointments, the offices of the crammer can usually supply deficiencies, at any rate temporarily; and as the subjects of such examinations have rarely any reference to the duties the successful competitors will be called upon to fulfill, health and physical energy, combined with natural abilities not below par, will in most instances enable men to perform those duties with fair credit, any lack of culture notwithstanding. Marked proficiency, too, in manly sports is, with occasional exceptions, in which constitutions naturally weak have been unable to bear the strain of the preliminary training, an indication of a strong and healthy body, and there are very few vocations indeed in which health and strength do not greatly contribute to the successful pursuit of them.

That well-known type of hero, the muscular Christian—beloved erewhile of novel-writers, but now for a time, if we may use the expression, played out—represented in an exaggerated form the popular view of this very question. The muscular Christian was not merely a good cricketer, oarsman, or athlete, or all three, as the case might be, but he was also a rising barrister on the high-road to the bench; a clergyman doted on by his flock, and certain of a bishopric; a medical man with a baronetcy in perspective; or a merchant who, in the fullness of time, would die worth millions and be the founder of a line of titled successors. It is a common belief that the novelist of this school who instituted the purely muscular hero set the fashion, or rather the rage, for athletic pursuits. We are disposed to think that the popular taste was veering round in that direction before gentlemen of the Guy Livingstone order roused the envious admiration of the young novel-reader. A reaction against the neglect, or rather disuse, of healthful sports in our schools and colleges commenced about the time when the study of science and modern languages began to encroach upon realms over which classics and mathematics had for so many generations reigned with undisputed sway. Novelists, seeing that the day of the intellectual hero was past, adroitly took advantage of the change in the popular taste, and created the muscular hero in his stead. It is, however, to be doubted whether they did not do more harm than good to the movement by which they profited, and which they are supposed to have promoted; for they exaggerated the benefits of mere physical training and personal prowess so ludicrously as ultimately to disgust their readers, and render the school they sought to set up ridiculous in the eyes of all sensible persons. Still that it ever existed must, we think, be taken as an indication of the early growth of that taste for manly sports whose prevalence is now in some quarters so strongly deprecated.

THE THEORY OF FICTION.

Human nature is ever the same. In fact, the author's art consists in skillfully transporting some of ourselves to distant time and foreign circumstance. It is a great point nowadays, when we come to see that we are essentially no better than our fathers. We make a great fuss about architecture and engineering, but the Greeks built the Parthenon and the Egyptians the Pyramids. We plow by steam and cultivate our fields by rules of chemistry, but thousands of our people die of slow starvation. A step is made toward the perception of these things when the writer of fiction puts a soul into a coat of mail, and shows us how hearts beat under slashed doublets. This illustrative method is sometimes useful with regard to great religious movements. The ordinary "religious novel," which professes to deal with individual experience, is in most cases an abomination. Probably no religious feeling which can be talked about in public is good for much; our inmost thoughts upon such subjects are too sacred to be flaunted in the face of a chance reader. Practically, the religion displayed in a "religious novel" is sad twaddle, and the book is chiefly composed of feeble tea-drinking and feebler love-making—the chronicling of small beer and the intellectual suckling of fools. In a historical religious novel, however, the subject is usually popular modes of thought on great questions rather than personal religion. It will do us no harm to listen to Savonarola with George Eliot, or to receive a visit from Dr. Luther among the Schönberg-Cotta family. We may not agree with either of the men, but it will do us good to learn what and how they thought.

Politics, too, may be illustrated in novels, but will not be very convincing except in the form of a satire. The ideas most suitable for expression in a work of fiction are those principles of social philosophy which, in one direction or another, govern our daily lives. Our natural characters are capable of great modification, and the success or failure of our lives is largely due to such modification. It is good for us to see the tendencies of various forms of moral individuality, not merely in dry dissertation, but in vivid and humanized description.

The drama goes a step farther than the novel, and gives us not merely a description, but an actual sight of the effects of different principles of action. The art of the writer consists in making the characters sufficiently real. If we do not believe in them, the lesson of their action is lost upon us. This is the great test of his genius. We demand of him not labeled dummies, but men and women; and according to his ability to satisfy us in this respect is his rank as an artist. When the characters are sufficiently life-like, his power is immense. His *dramatis personæ* inthrall our attention, but they are his puppets. He bids us listen to their soliloquies—nay, it is he who supplies them with their inmost thoughts. The grandeur of purity and the grace of power, or the glut of folly and the flash of vice, these things are at his command. The talent of giving life to his creations is a rare one—he can use it as he pleases.

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10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
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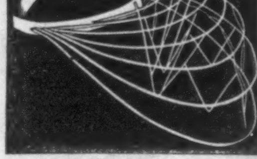

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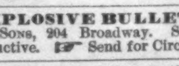

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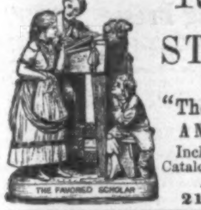

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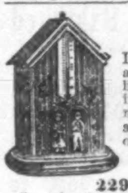

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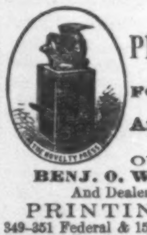

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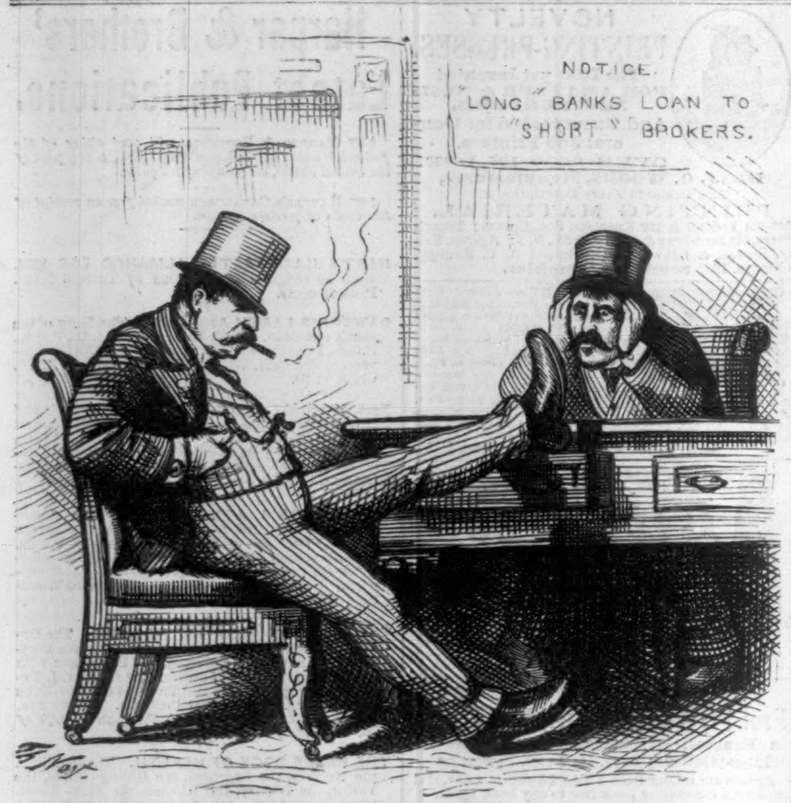
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[CONTINUED FROM No. 876, PAGE 908.]

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "LADY ANNA," "HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT," "ORLEY FARM,"
"PHINEAS FINN," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON,"
"CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN TOWN.

AT the end of March the Duchess of Omnium, never more to be called Lady Glencora by the world at large, came up to London. The Duke, though he was now banished from the House of Commons, was nevertheless wanted in London; and what funereal ceremonies were left might be accomplished as well in town as at Matching Priory. No old Ministry could be turned out and no new Ministry formed without the assistance of the young Duchess. It was a question whether she should not be asked to be Mistress of the Robes, though those who asked it knew very well that she was the last woman in England to hamper herself by dependence on the Court. Up to London they came; and though, of course, they went into no society, the house in Carlton Gardens was continually thronged with people who had some special reason for breaking the ordinary rules of etiquette in their desire to see how Lady Glencora carried herself as Duchess of Omnium. "Do you think she's altered much?" said Aspasia Fitzgibbon, an elderly spinster, the daughter of Lord Claddagh, and sister of Laurence Fitzgibbon, member for one of the western Irish counties. "I don't think she was quite so loud as she used to be."

Mrs. Bonteen was of opinion that there was a change. "She was always uncertain, you know, and would scratch like a cat if you offended her."

"And won't she scratch now?" asked Miss Fitzgibbon.

"I'm afraid she'll scratch oftener. It was always a trick of hers to pretend to think nothing of rank; but she values her place as highly as any woman in England."

This was Mrs. Bonteen's opinion; but Lady Baldock, who was present, differed. This Lady Baldock was not the mother, but the sister-in-law, of that Augusta Boreham who had lately become Sister Veronica John. "I don't believe it," said Lady Baldock. "She always seems to me to be like a great school-girl who has been allowed too much of her own way. I think people give way to her too much, you know." As Lady Baldock was herself the wife of a peer, she naturally did not stand so much in awe of a duchess as did Mrs. Bonteen or Miss Fitzgibbon.

"Have you seen the young Duke?" asked Mr. Ratler of Barrington Erle.

"Yes; I have been with him this morning."

"How does he like it?"

"He's bothered out of his life—as a hen would be if you were to throw her into water. He's so shy he hardly knows how to speak to you; and he broke down altogether when I said something about the Lords."

"He'll not do much more."

"I don't know about that," said Erle. "He'll get used to it, and go into harness again. He's a great deal too good to be lost."

"He didn't give himself airs?"

"What!—Planty Pall! If I know any thing of a man, he's not the man to do that because he's a duke. He can hold his own against all comers, and always could. Quiet as he always seemed, he knew who he was, and who other people were. I don't think you'll find much difference in him when he has got over the annoyance." Mr. Ratler, however, was of a different opinion. Mr. Ratler had known many docile members of the House of Commons who had become peers by the death of uncles and fathers, and who had lost all respect for him as soon as they were released from the crack of the whip. Mr. Ratler rather despised peers who had been members of the House of Commons, and who passed by inheritance from a scene of unparalleled use and influence to one of idle and luxurious dignity.

Soon after their arrival in London the Duchess wrote the following very characteristic letter:

"DEAR LORD CHILTERN,—Mr. Palliser—" (Then, having begun with a mistake, she scratched the word through with her pen.) "The Duke has asked me to write about Trumpeton Wood, as he knows nothing about it, and I know just as little. But if you say what you want, it shall be done. Shall we get foxes and put them there? Or ought there to be a special fox-keeper? You mustn't be angry because the poor old Duke was too feeble to take notice of the matter. Only speak, and it shall be done.

"Yours faithfully, GLENCORA O.

"Madame Goesler spoke to me about it, but at that time we were in trouble."

The answer was as characteristic:

"DEAR DUCHESS OF OMNIUM,—Thanks. What is wanted is that keepers should know that there are to be foxes. When keepers know that foxes are really expected, there always are foxes. The men latterly have known just the contrary. It is all a question of shooting. I don't mean to say a word against the late Duke. When he got old the thing became bad. No doubt it will be right now.

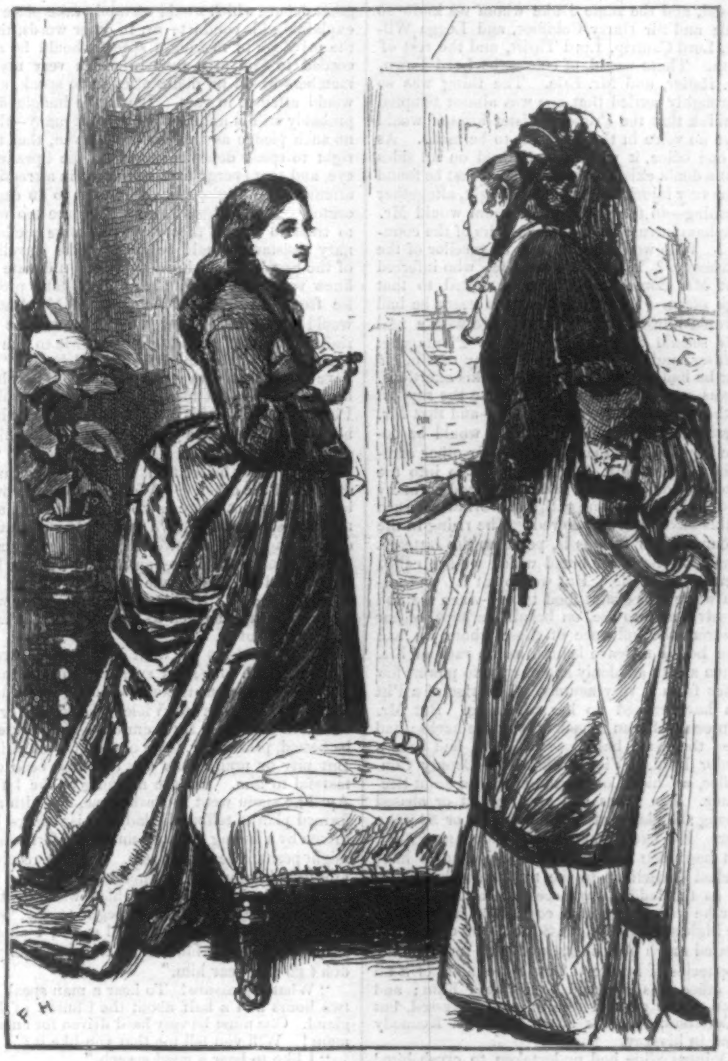
"Faithfully yours, CHILTERN.

"Our hounds have been poisoned in Trumpeton Wood. This would never have been done had not the keepers been against the hunting."

Upon receipt of this she sent the letter to Mr. Fothergill, with a request that there might be no more shooting in Trumpeton Wood. "I'll be shot if we stand that, you know," said Mr. Fothergill to one of his underlings. "There are two hundred and fifty acres in Trumpeton Wood, and we're never to kill another pheasant because Lord Chiltern is Master of the Brake Hounds. Property won't be worth having at that rate."

The Duke by no means intended to abandon the world of politics, or even the narrow sphere of ministerial work, because he had been ousted from the House of Commons, and from the possibility of filling the office which he had best liked. This was proved to the world by the choice of his house for a meeting of the party on the 30th of March. As it happened, this was the very day on which he and the Duchess returned to London; but nevertheless the meeting was held there, and he was present at it. Mr. Gresham then repeated his reasons for opposing Mr. Daubeny's bill; and declared that even while doing so he would, with the approbation of his party, pledge himself to bring in a bill somewhat to the same effect, should he ever again find himself in power. And he declared that he would do this solely with the view of showing how strong was his opinion that such a measure should not be left in the hands of the Conservative party. It was doubted whether such a political proposition had ever before been made in England. It was a simple avowal that on this occasion men were to be regarded, and not measures. No doubt such is the case, and ever has been the case, with the majority of active politicians. The double pleasure of pulling down an opponent and of raising one's self is the charm of a politician's life. And by practice this becomes extended to so many branches that the delights—and also the disappointments—are very wide-spread. Great satisfaction is felt by us because by some lucky conjunction of affairs our man, whom we never saw, is made Lord-Lieutenant of a county instead of another man of whom we know as little. It is a great thing to us that Sir Samuel Bobwig, an excellent Liberal, is seated high on the bench of justice, instead of that time-serving Conservative, Sir Alexander M'Silk. Men and not measures are, no doubt, the very life of politics. But then it is not the fashion to say so in public places. Mr. Gresham was determined to introduce that fashion on the present occasion. He did not think very much of Mr. Daubeny's bill. So he told his friends at the Duke's house. The bill was full of faults—went too far in one direction, and not far enough in another. It was not difficult to pick holes in the bill. But the sin of sins consisted in this—that it was to be passed, if passed at all, by the aid of men who would sin against their consciences by each vote they gave in its favor. What but treachery could be expected from an army in which every officer and every private was called upon to fight against his convictions? The meeting passed off without dissension, and it was agreed that the House of Commons should be called upon to reject the Church Bill simply because it was proposed from that side of the House on which the minority was sitting. As there were more than two hundred members present on the occasion, by none of whom were any objections raised, it seemed probable that Mr. Gresham might be successful. There was still, however, doubt in the minds of some men. "It's all very well," said Mr. Ratler, "but Turnbull wasn't there, you know."

But from what took place the next day but one in Park Lane it would almost seem that the Duchess had been there. She came at once to see Madame Goesler, having very firmly determined that the Duke's death should not have the appearance of interrupting her intimacy with her friend. "Was it not very disagreeable," asked Madame Goesler—"just the day you came to town?"



"WE MUST PUT HER DOWN."

"We didn't think of that at all. One is not allowed to think of any thing now. It was very improper, of course, because of the Duke's death—but that had to be put on one side. And then it was quite contrary to etiquette that peers and commoners should be brought together. I think there was some idea of making sure of Plantagenet, and so they all came and wore out our carpets. There wasn't above a dozen peers; but they were enough to show that all the old landmarks have been upset. I don't think any one would have objected if I had opened the meeting myself, and called upon Mrs. Bonteen to second me."

"Why Mrs. Bonteen?"

"Because, next to myself, she's the most talkative and political woman we have. She was at our house yesterday, and I'm not quite sure that she doesn't intend to cut me out."

"We must put her down, Lady Glen."

"Perhaps she'll put me down, now that we're half shelved. The men did make such a racket, and yet no one seemed to speak for two minutes except Mr. Gresham, who stood upon my pet footstool, and kicked it almost to pieces."

"Was Mr. Finn there?"

"Every body was there, I suppose. What makes you ask particularly about Mr. Finn?"

"Because he's a friend."

"That's come up again, has it? He's the handsome Irishman, isn't he, that came to Matching the same day that brought you there?"

"He is an Irishman, and he was at Matching that day."

"He's certainly handsome. What a day that was, Marie! When one thinks of it all—of all the perils and all the salvations, how strange it is! I wonder whether you would have liked it now if you were the Dowager Duchess."

"I should have had some enjoyment, I suppose."

"I don't know that it would have done us any harm, and yet how keen I was about it. We can't give you the rank now, and you won't take the money."

"Not the money, certainly."

"Plantagenet says you'll have to take it; but it seems to me he's always wrong. There are so many things that one must do that one doesn't do. He never perceives that every thing gets changed every five years. So Mr. Finn is the favorite again?"

"He is a friend whom I like. I may be allowed to have a friend, I suppose."

"A dozen, my dear; and all of them good-looking. Good-by, dear. Pray come to us. Don't stand off and make yourself disagreeable. We sha'n't be giving dinner-parties, but you can come whenever you please. Tell me at once; do you mean to be disagreeable?"

Then Madame Goesler was obliged to promise that she would not be more disagreeable than her nature had made her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WORLD BECOMES COLD.

A GREAT deal was said by very many persons in London as to the murderous attack which had been made by Mr. Kennedy on Phineas Finn in Judd Street, but the advice given by Mr. Slide in the *People's Banner* to the police was not taken. No public or official inquiry was made into the circumstance. Mr. Kennedy, under the care of his cousin, retreated to Scotland; and, as it seemed, there was to be an end of it. Throughout the month of March various smaller bolts were thrust both at Phineas and at the police by the editor of the above-named newspaper, but they seemed to fall without much effect.

No one was put in prison; nor was any one ever examined. But, nevertheless, these missiles had their effect. Every body knew that there had been a "row" between Mr. Kennedy and Phineas Finn, and that the "row" had been made about Mr. Kennedy's wife. Every body knew that a pistol had been fired at Finn's head; and a great many people thought that there had been some cause for the assault. It was alleged at one club that the present member for Tankerville had spent the greater part of the last two years at Dresden, and at another that he had called on Mr. Kennedy twice, once down in Scotland, and once at the hotel in Judd Street, with a view of inducing that gentleman to concede to a divorce. There was also a very romantic story afloat as to an engagement which had existed between Lady Laura and Phineas Finn before the lady had been induced by her father to marry the richer suitor. Various details were given in corroboration of these stories. Was it not known that the Earl had purchased the submission of Phineas Finn by a seat for his borough of Loughton? Was it not known that Lord Chiltern, the brother of Lady Laura, had fought a duel with Phineas Finn? Was it not known that Mr. Kennedy himself had been, as it were, coerced into quiescence by the singular fact that he had been saved from garroters in the street by the opportune interference of Phineas Finn? It was even suggested that the scene with the garroters had been cunningly planned by Phineas Finn, that he might in this way be able to restrain the anger of the husband of the lady whom he loved. All these stories were very pretty; but, as the reader, it is hoped, knows, they were all untrue. Phineas had made but one short visit to Dresden in his life. Lady Laura had been engaged to Mr. Kennedy before Phineas had ever spoken to her of his love. The duel with Lord Chiltern had been about another lady, and the seat at Loughton had been conferred upon Phineas chiefly on account of his prowess in extricating Mr. Kennedy from the garroters—respecting which circumstance it may be said that as the meeting in the street was fortuitous, the reward was greater than the occasion seemed to require.

While all these things were being said Phineas became something of a hero. A man who is supposed to have caused a disturbance between two married people, in a certain rank of life, does generally receive a certain meed of admiration. A man who was asked out to dinner twice a week before such rumors were afloat would probably receive double that number of invitations afterward. And then to have been shot at by a madman in a room, and to be the subject of the venom of a *People's Banner*, tends also to Fame. Other ladies besides Madame Goesler were anxious to have the story from the very lips of the hero, and in this way Phineas Finn became a conspicuous man. But Fame begets envy, and there were some who said that the member for Tankerville had injured his prospects with his party. It may be very well to give a dinner to a man who has caused the wife of a late Cabinet Minister to quarrel with her husband; but it can hardly be expected that he should be placed in office by the head of the party to which that late Cabinet Minister belonged. "I never saw such a fellow as you are," said Barrington Erle to him. "You are always getting into a mess."

"Nobody ought to know better than you how false all these calumnies are." This he said because Erle and Lady Laura were cousins.

"Of course they are calumnies; but you had heard them before, and what made you go poking your head into the lion's mouth?"

Mr. Bonteen was very much harder upon him than was Barrington Erle. "I never liked him from the first, and always knew he would not run straight. No Irishman ever does." This was said to Viscount Fawn, a distinguished member of the Liberal party, who had but lately been married, and was known to have very strict notions as to the bonds of matrimony. He had been heard to say that any man who had interfered with the happiness of a married couple should be held to have committed a capital offense.

"I don't know whether the story about Lady Laura is true."

"Of course it's true. All the world knows it to be true. He was always there; at Lough Linter, and at Saulsby, and in Portman Square after she had left her husband. The mischief he has done is incalculable. There's a Conservative sitting in poor Kennedy's seat for Dunross-shire."

"That might have been the case any way."

"Nothing could have turned Kennedy out. Don't you remember how he behaved about the Irish Land Question? I hate such fellows."

"If I thought it true about Lady Laura—"

Lord Fawn was again about to express his opinion in regard to matrimony, but Mr. Bonteen was too impetuous to listen to him. "It's out of the question that he should come in again. At any rate, if he does, I won't. I shall tell Gresham so very plainly. The women will do all that they can for him. They always do for a fellow of that kind."

Phineas heard of it—not exactly by any repetition of the words that were spoken, but by chance phrases, and from the looks of men. Lord Cantrip, who was his best friend among those who were certain to hold high office in a Liberal Government, did not talk to him cheerily—did not speak as though he, Phineas, would, as a matter of course, have some place assigned to him. And he thought that Mr. Gresham was hardly as cordial to him as he might be when they met in the closer intercourse of the House. There was always a word or two spoken, and sometimes a shaking of hands. He had no right to complain. But yet he knew that something was wanting. We can generally read a man's purpose toward us in his manner, if his purposes are of much moment to us.

Phineas had written to Lady Laura, giving her an account of the occurrence in Judd Street on the 1st of March, and had received from her a short answer by return of post. It contained hardly more than a thanksgiving that his life had not been sacrificed, and in a day or two she had written again, letting him know that she had determined to consult her father. Then on the last day of the month he received the following letter:

"DRESDEN, *March* 27, 18—.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—At last we have resolved that we will go back to England—almost at once. Things have gone so rapidly that I hardly know how to explain them all, but that is papa's resolution. His lawyer, Mr. Forster, tells him that it will be best, and goes so far as to say that it is imperative on my behalf that some steps should be taken to put an end to the present state of things. I will not scruple to tell you that he is actuated chiefly by considerations as to money. It is astonishing to me that a man who has all his life been so liberal should now in his old age think so much about it. It is, however, in no degree for himself. It is all for me. He can not bear to think that my position should be withheld from me by Mr. Kennedy while I have done nothing wrong. I was obliged to show him your letter, and what you said about the control of money took hold of his mind at once. He thinks that if my unfortunate husband be insane, there can be no difficulty in my obtaining a separation on terms which would oblige him or his friends to restore this horrid money.

"Of course I could stay if I chose. Papa would not refuse to find a home for me here. But I do agree with Mr. Forster that something should be done to stop the tongues of ill-conditioned people. The idea of having my name dragged through the newspapers is dreadful to me; but if this must be done one way or the other, it will be better that it should be done with truth. There is nothing that I need fear—as you know so well.

"I can not look forward to happiness any where. If the question of separation were once settled, I do not know whether I would not prefer returning here to remaining in London. Papa has got tired of the place, and wants, he says, to see Saulsby once again before he dies. What can I say in answer to this, but that I will go? We have sent to have the house in Portman Square got ready for us, and I suppose we shall be there about the 15th of next month. Papa has instructed Mr. Forster to tell Mr. Kennedy's lawyer that we are coming, and he is to find out, if he can, whether any interference in the management of the property has been as yet made by the family. Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mr. Forster has expressed surprise that you did not call on the police when the shot was fired. Of course I can understand it all. God bless you.

"Your affectionate friend, L. K."

Phineas was obliged to console himself by reflecting that if she understood him, of course that was every thing. His first and great duty in the matter had been to her. If in performing that duty he had sacrificed himself, he must bear his undeserved punishment like a man. That he was to be punished he began to perceive too clearly. The conviction that Mr. Daubeny must recede from the Treasury Bench after the coming debate became every day stronger, and within the little inner circles of the Liberal party the usual discussions were made as to the Ministry which Mr. Gresham would, as a matter of course, be called upon to form. But in these discussions Phineas Finn did not find himself taking an assured and comfortable part. Laurence Fitzgibbon, his countryman—who in the way of work had never been worth his salt—was eager, happy, and without a doubt. Others of the old stagers, men who had been going in and out ever since they had been able to get seats in Parliament, stood about in clubs, and in lobbies and chambers of the House, with all that busy, magpie air which is worn only by those who have high hopes of good things to come speedily. Lord Mount Thistle was more sublime and ponderous than ever, though they who best understood the party declared that he would never again be invited to undergo the cares of office. His lordship was one of those terrible political burdens, engendered originally by private friendship or family considerations, which one Minister leaves to another. Sir Gregory Grogram, the great Whig lawyer, showed plainly by his manner that he thought himself at last secure of reaching the reward for which he had been struggling all his life; for it was understood by all men who knew any thing that Lord Weazeling was not to be asked again to sit on the Wool-sack. No better advocate or effective politician ever lived; but it was supposed that he lacked dignity for the office of first judge in the land. That most of the old lot would come back was a matter of course.

There would be the Duke—the Duke of St. Bungay, who had for years past been "the Duke" when Liberal administrations were discussed, and the same Duke whom we know so well; and Sir Harry Coldfoot, and Legge Wilson, Lord Cantrip, Lord Thrift, and the rest of them. There would, of course, be Lord Fawn, Mr. Ratler, and Mr. Erle. The thing was so thoroughly settled that one was almost tempted to think that the Prime Minister himself would have no voice in the selections to be made. As to one office, it was acknowledged on all sides that a doubt existed which would at last be found to be very injurious—as some thought, altogether crushing—to the party. To whom would Mr. Gresham intrust the financial affairs of the country? Who would be the new Chancellor of the Exchequer? There were not a few who inferred that Mr. Bonteen would be promoted to that high office. During the last two years he had devoted himself to decimal coinage with a zeal only second to that displayed by Plantagenet Palliser, and was accustomed to say of himself that he had almost perished under his exertions. It was supposed that he would have the support of the present Duke of Omnium—and that Mr. Gresham, who disliked the man, would be coerced by the fact that there was no other competitor. That Mr. Bonteen should go into the Cabinet would be gall and wormwood to many brother Liberals; but gall and wormwood such as this have to be swallowed. The rising in life of our familiar friends is, perhaps, the bitterest morsel of the bitter bread which we are called upon to eat in life. But we do eat it; and after a while it becomes food to us—when we find ourselves able to use, on behalf, perhaps, of our children, the influence of those whom we had once hoped to leave behind in the race of life. When a man suddenly shoots up into power, few suffer from it very acutely. The rise of a Pitt can have caused no heart-burning. But Mr. Bonteen had been a hack among the hacks; had filled the usual half dozen places; had been a Junior Lord, a Vice-President, a Deputy Controller, a Chief Commissioner, and a Joint Secretary. His hopes had been raised or abased among the places of £1000, £1200, or £1500 a year. He had hitherto culminated at £2000, and had been supposed with diligence to have worked himself up to the top of the ladder, as far as the ladder was accessible to him. And now he was spoken of in connection with one of the highest offices of the State! Of course this created much uneasiness, and gave rise to many prophecies of failure. But in the midst of it all no office was assigned to Phineas Finn; and there was a general feeling, not expressed, but understood, that his affair with Mr. Kennedy stood in his way.

Quintus Slide had undertaken to crush him! Could it be possible that so mean a man should be able to make good so monstrous a threat? The man was very mean, and the threat had been absurd as well as monstrous; and yet it seemed that it might he realized. Phineas was too proud to ask questions, even of Barrington Erle, but he felt that he was being "left out in the cold," because the editor of the *People's Banner* had said that no Government could employ him; and at this moment, on the very morning of the day which was to usher in the great debate which was to be so fatal to Mr. Daubeny and his Church Reform, another thunder-bolt was hurled. The "we" of the *People's Banner* had learned that the very painful matter to which they had been compelled by a sense of duty to call the public attention, in reference to the late member for Dunross-shire and the present member for Tankerville, would be brought before one of the tribunals of the country, in reference to the matrimonial differences between Mr. Kennedy and his wife. It would be in the remembrance of their readers that the unfortunate gentleman had been provoked to fire a pistol at the head of the member for Tankerville—a circumstance which, though publicly known, had never been brought under the notice of the police. There was reason to hope that the mystery might now be cleared up, and that the ends of justice would demand that a certain document should be produced which they—the "we"—had been vexatiously restrained from giving to their readers, although it had been most carefully prepared for publication in the columns of the *People's Banner*. Then the thunder-bolt went on to say that there was evidently a great move among the members of the so-called Liberal party, who seemed to think that it was only necessary that they should open their mouths wide enough in order that the sweets of office should fall into them. The "we" were quite of a different opinion. The "we" believed that no Minister for many a long day had been so firmly fixed on the Treasury Bench as was Mr. Daubeny at the present moment. But this at any rate might be inferred—that should Mr. Gresham, by any unhappy combination of circumstances, be called upon to form a Ministry, it would be quite impossible for him to include within it the name of the member for Tankerville. This was the second great thunder-bolt that fell—and so did the work of crushing our poor friend proceed.

There was great injustice in all this—at least so Phineas thought—injustice not only from the hands of Mr. Slide, who was unjust as a matter of course, but also from those who ought to have been his stanch friends. He had been enticed over to England almost with a promise of office, and he was sure that he had done nothing which deserved punishment, or even censure. He could not condescend to complain—nor, indeed, as yet, could he say that there was ground for complaint. Nothing had been done to him. Not a word had been spoken—except those lying words in the newspapers, which he was too proud to notice. On one matter, however, he was determined to be firm. When Barrington Erle had absolutely insisted that he should vote upon the Church Bill in opposition to all that he had said upon the subject at Tankerville, he had stipulated that he should have an opportunity in the great debate which would certainly take place of explaining his conduct—or, in other words, that the privilege of making a speech should be accorded to him at a time in which very many members would no doubt attempt to speak, and would attempt in vain. It may be imagined—probably still is imagined by a great many—that no such pledge as this could be given, that the right to speak depends simply on the Speaker's eye, and that energy at the moment in attracting attention would alone be of account to an eager orator. But Phineas knew the House too well to trust to such a theory. That some preliminary assistance would be given to the traveling of the Speaker's eye in so important a debate he knew very well; and he knew also that a promise from Barrington Erle or from Mr. Ratler would be his best security. "That will be all right, of course," said Barrington Erle to him on the evening of the day before the debate; "we have quite counted on your speaking." There had been a certain sullenness in the tone with which Phineas had asked his question, as though he had been laboring under a grievance, and he felt himself rebuked by the cordiality of the reply. "I suppose we had better fix it for Monday or Tuesday," said the other. "We hope to get it over by Tuesday, but there is no knowing. At any rate you sha'n't be thrown over." It was almost on his tongue—the entire story of his grievance, the expression of his feeling that he was not being treated as one of the chosen; but he restrained himself. He liked Barrington Erle well enough, but not so well as to justify him in asking for sympathy.

Nor had it been his wont in any of the troubles of his life to ask for sympathy from a man. He had always gone to some woman—in old days to Lady Laura, or to Violet Effingham, or to Madame Goesler. By them he could endure to be petted, praised, or, upon occasion, even pitied. But pity or praise from any man had been distasteful to him. On the morning of the 1st of April he again went to Park Lane, not with any formed plan of telling the lady of his wrongs, but driven by a feeling that he wanted comfort, which might perhaps be found there. The lady received him very kindly, and at once inquired as to the great political tournament which was about to be commenced. "Yes, we begin to-day," said Phineas. "Mr. Daubeny will speak, I should say, from half past four till seven. I wonder you don't go and hear him."

"What a pleasure! To hear a man speak for two hours and a half about the Church of England. One must be very hard driven for amusement! Will you tell me that you like it?"

"I like to hear a good speech."

"But you have the excitement before you of making a good speech in answer. You are in the fight. A poor woman shut up in a cage feels there more acutely than any where else how insignificant a position she fills in the world."

"You don't advocate the rights of women, Madame Goesler."

"Oh no. Knowing our inferiority, I submit without a grumble; but I am not sure that I care to go and listen to the squabbles of my masters. You may arrange it all among you, and I will accept what you do, whether it will be good or bad—as I must; but I can not take so much interest in the proceeding as to spend my time in listening where I can not speak, and in looking when I can not be seen. You will speak?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I shall read your speech, which is more than I shall do for most of the others. And when it is all over, will your turn come?"

"Not mine individually, Madame Goesler."

"But it will be yours individually; will it not?" she asked, with energy. Then gradually, with half-pronounced sentences, he explained to her that even in the event of the formation of a Liberal Government, he did not expect that any place would be offered to him. "And why not? We have been all speaking of it as a certainty."

He longed to inquire who were the all of whom she spoke, but he could not do it without an egotism which would be distasteful to him. "I can hardly tell; but I don't think I shall be asked to join them."

"You would wish it?"

"Yes; talking to you, I do not see why I should hesitate to say so."

"Talking to me, why should you hesitate to say any thing about yourself that is true? I can hold my tongue. I do not gossip about my friends. Whose doing is it?"

"I do not know that it is any man's doing."

"But it must be. Every body said that you were to be one of them if you could get the other people out. Is it Mr. Bonteen?"

"Likely enough. Not that I know any thing of the kind; but as I hate him from the bottom of my heart, it is natural to suppose that he has the same feeling in regard to me."

"I agree with you there."

"But I don't know that it comes from any feeling of that kind."

"What does it come from?"

"You have heard all the calumny about Lady Laura Kennedy."

"You do not mean to say that a story such as that has affected your position."

"I fancy it has. But you must not suppose, Madame Goesler, that I mean to complain. A man must take these things as they come. No one has received more kindness from friends than I have, and few perhaps more favors from fortune. All this about Mr. Kennedy has been unlucky—but it can not be helped."

"Do you mean to say that the morals of your party will be offended?" said Madame Goesler, almost laughing.

"Lord Fawn, you know, is very particular. In sober earnest, one can not tell how these things operate; but they do operate gradually. One's friends are sometimes very glad of an excuse for not befriending one."

"Lady Laura is coming home?"

"Yes."

"That will put an end to it."

"There is nothing to put an end to except the foul-mouthed malice of a lying newspaper. Nobody believes any thing against Lady Laura."

"I'm not so sure of that. I believe nothing against her."

"I'm sure you do not, Madame Goesler. Nor do I think that any body does. It is too absurd for belief from beginning to end. Good-by. Perhaps I shall see her when the debate is over."

"Of course you will. Good-by, and success to your oratory." Then Madame Goesler resolved that she would say a few judicious words to her friend, the Duchess, respecting Phineas Finn.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TWO GLADIATORS.

THE great debate was commenced with all the solemnities which are customary on such occasions, and which make men think for the day that no moment of greater excitement has ever blessed or cursed the country. Upon the present occasion London was full of clergymen. The specially clerical clubs—the Oxford and Cambridge, the Old University, and the Athenæum—were black with them. The bishops and deans, as usual, were pleasant in their manner and happy-looking, in spite of adverse circumstances. When one sees a bishop in the hours of the distress of the Church, one always thinks of the just and firm man who will stand fearless while the ruins of the world are falling about his ears. But the parsons from the country were a sorry sight to see. They were in earnest with all their hearts, and did believe—not that the crack of doom was coming, which they could have borne with equanimity if convinced that their influence would last to the end—but that the Evil One was to be made welcome upon the earth by Act of Parliament. It is out of nature that any man should think it good that his own order should be repressed, curtailed, and deprived of its power. If we go among the cab-drivers or letter-carriers, among butlers or gamekeepers, among tailors or butchers, among farmers or graziers, among doctors or attorneys, we shall find in each set of men a conviction that the welfare of the community depends upon the firmness with which they—especially they—hold their own. This is so manifestly true with the Bar that no barrister in practice scruples to avow that barristers in practice are the salt of the earth. The personal confidence of a judge in his own position is beautiful, being salutary to the country, though not unfrequently damaging to the character of the man. But if this be so with men who are conscious of no higher influence than that exercised over the bodies and minds of their fellow-creatures, how much stronger must be the feeling when the influence affects the soul! To the outsider, or layman, who simply uses a cab, or receives a letter, or goes to law, or has to be tried, these pretensions are ridiculous or annoying, according to the ascendency of the pretender at the moment. But as the clerical pretensions are more exacting than all others, being put forward with an assertion that no answer is possible without breach of duty and sin, so are they more galling. The fight has been going on since the idea of a mitre first entered the heart of a priest—since dominion in this world has found itself capable of sustentation by the exercise of fear as to the world to come. We do believe—the majority among us does so—that if we live and die in sin we shall after some fashion come to great punishment, and we believe also that by having pastors among us, who shall be men of God, we may best aid ourselves and our children in avoiding this bitter end. But then the pastors and men of God can only be human—can not be altogether men of God; and so they have oppressed us and burned us and tortured us, and hence come to love palaces and fine linen and purple, and, alas! sometimes mere luxury and idleness. The torturing and the burning, as also, to speak truth, the luxury and the idleness, have among us been already conquered, but the idea of ascendency remains. What is a thoughtful man to do who acknowledges the danger of his soul, but can not swallow his parson whole, simply because he has been sent to him from some source in which he has no special confidence, perhaps by some distant lord, perhaps by a Lord Chancellor whose political friend has had a son with a tutor? What is he to do when, in spite of some fine linen and purple left among us, the provision for the man of God in his parish or district is so poor that no man of God fitted to teach him will come and take it? In no spirit of animosity to religion he begins to tell himself that Church and State together was a monkish combination, fit perhaps for monkish days, but no longer having fitness, and not much longer capable of existence in this country. But to the parson himself—to the honest, hard-working, conscientious priest who does in his heart of hearts believe that no diminution in the general influence of his order can be made without ruin to the souls of men—this opinion, when it becomes dominant, is as though the world were in truth breaking to pieces over his head. The world has been broken to pieces in the same way often; but extreme Chaos does not come. The cabman and the letter-carrier always expect that Chaos will very nearly come when they are disturbed. The barristers are sure of Chaos when the sanctity of Benches is in question. What utter Chaos would be promised to us could any one with impunity contemn the majesty of the House of Commons! But of all these Chaoses there can be no Chaos equal to that which in the mind of a zealous Oxford-bred constitutional country parson must attend that annihilation of his special condition which will be produced by the disestablishment of the Church. Of all good fellows he is the best good fellow. He is genial, hospitable, well-educated, and always has either a pretty wife or pretty daughters. But he has so extreme a belief in himself that he can not endure to be told that absolute Chaos will not come at once if he be disturbed. And now disturbances—ay, and utter dislocation and ruin—were to come from the hands of a friend! Was it wonderful that parsons should be seen about Westminster in flocks with "Et tu, Brute!" written on their faces as plainly as the law on the brows of a Pharisee?

The Speaker had been harassed for orders. The powers and prowess of every individual member had been put to the test. The galleries were crowded. Ladies' places had been balloted for with desperate enthusiasm, in spite of the sarcasm against the House which Madame Goesler had expressed. Two royal princes and a royal duke were accommodated within the House in an irregular manner. Peers swarmed in the passages, and were too happy to find standing-room. Bishops jostled against lay barons with no other preference than that afforded to them by their broader shoulders. Men, and especially clergymen, came to the galleries loaded with sandwiches and flasks, prepared to hear all there was to be heard should the debate last from 4 P.M. to the same hour on the following morning. At two in the afternoon the entrances to the House were barred, and men of all ranks—deans, prebends, peers' sons, and baronets—stood there patiently waiting till some powerful nobleman should let them through. The very ventilating chambers under the House were filled with courteous listeners, who had all pledged themselves that under no possible provocation would they even cough during the debate.

A few minutes after four, in a House from which hardly more than a dozen members were absent, Mr. Daubeny took his seat with that air of affected indifference to things around him which is peculiar to him. He entered slowly, amidst cheers from his side of the House, which no doubt were loud in proportion to the dismay of the cheerers as to the matter in hand. Gentlemen lacking substantial sympathy with their leader found it to be comfortable to deceive themselves, and raise their hearts at the same time by the easy enthusiasm of noise. Mr. Daubeny having sat down and covered his head, just raised his hat from his brows, and then tried to look as though he were no more than any other gentleman present. But the peculiar consciousness of the man displayed itself even in his constrained absence of motion. You could see that he felt himself to be the beheld of all beholders, and that he enjoyed the position—with some slight inward trepidation lest the effect to be made should not equal the greatness of the occasion. Immediately after him Mr. Gresham bustled up the centre of the House amidst a roar of good-humored welcome. We have had many Ministers who have been personally dearer to their individual adherents in the House than the present leader of the Opposition and late Premier, but none, perhaps, who has been more generally respected by his party for earnestness and sincerity. On the present occasion there was a fierceness, almost a ferocity, in his very countenance, to the fire of which friends and enemies were equally anxious to add fuel—the friends in order that so might these recreant Tories be more thoroughly annihilated, and the enemies that their enemy's indiscretion might act back upon himself to his confusion. For, indeed, it never could be denied that, as a Prime Minister, Mr. Gresham could be very indiscreet.

A certain small amount of ordinary business was done, to the disgust of expectant strangers, which was as trivial as possible in its nature—so arranged, apparently, that the importance of what was to follow might be enhanced by the force of contrast. And to make the dismay of the novice stranger more thorough, questions were asked and answers were given in so low a voice, and Mr. Speaker uttered a word or two in so quick and shambling a fashion, that he, the novice, began to fear that no word of the debate would reach him up there in his crowded back seat. All this, however, occupied but a few minutes, and at twenty minutes past four Mr. Daubeny was on his legs. Then the novice stranger found that though he could not see Mr. Daubeny without the aid of an opera-glass, he could hear every word that fell from his lips.

Mr. Daubeny began by regretting the hardness of his position, in that he must, with what thoroughness he might be able to achieve, apply himself to two great subjects, whereas the right honorable gentleman opposite had already declared, with all the formality which could be made to attach itself to a combined meeting of peers and commoners, that he would confine himself strictly to one. The subject selected by the right honorable gentleman opposite on the present occasion was not the question of Church Reform. The right honorable gentleman had pledged himself with an almost sacred enthusiasm to ignore that subject altogether. No doubt it was the question before the House, and he himself—the present speaker—must unfortunately discuss it at some length. The right honorable gentleman opposite would not, on this great occasion, trouble himself with any thing of so little moment. And it might be presumed that the political followers of the right honorable gentleman would be equally reticent, as they were understood to have accepted his tactics without a dissentient voice. He, Mr. Daubeny, was the last man in England to deny the importance of the question which the right honorable gentleman would select for discussions in preference to that of the condition of the Church. That question was a very simple one, and might be put to the House in a very few words. Coming from the mouth of the right honorable gentleman, the proposition would probably be made in this form: "That this House does think that I ought to be Prime Minister now, and as long as I may possess a seat in this House." It was impossible to deny the importance of that question; but perhaps he, Mr. Daubeny, might be justified in demurring to the preference given to it over every other matter, let that matter be of what importance it might be to the material welfare of the country.

He made his point well; but he made it too often. And an attack of that kind, personal and savage in its nature, loses its effect when it is evident that the words have been prepared. A good deal may be done in dispute by calling a man an ass or a knave—but the resolve to use the words should have been made only at the moment, and they should come hot from the heart. There was much neatness and some acuteness in Mr. Daubeny's satire, but there was no heat, and it was prolix. It had, however, the effect of irritating Mr. Gresham—as was evident from the manner in which he moved his hat and shuffled his feet.

A man destined to sit conspicuously on our Treasury Bench, or on the seat opposite to it, should ask the gods for a thick skin as a first gift. The need of this in our national assembly is greater than elsewhere, because the differences between the men opposed to each other are smaller. When two foes meet together in the same chamber, one of whom advocates the personal government of an individual ruler, and the other that form of State which has come to be called a Red Republic, they deal, no doubt, weighty blows of oratory at each other, but blows which never hurt at the moment. They may cut each other's throats if they can find an opportunity; but they do not bite each other like dogs over a bone. But when opponents are almost in accord, as is always the case with our Parliamentary gladiators, they are ever striving to give maddening little wounds through the joints of the harness. What is there with us to create the divergence necessary for debate but the pride of personal skill in the encounter? Who desires among us to put down the Queen, or to repudiate the National Debt, or to destroy religious worship, or even to disturb the ranks of society? When some small measure of reform has thoroughly recommended itself to the country—so thoroughly that all men know that the country will have it—then the question arises whether its details shall be arranged by the political party which calls itself Liberal, or by that which is termed Conservative. The men are so near to each other in all their convictions and theories of life that nothing is left to them but personal competition for the doing of the thing that is to be done. It is the same in religion. The apostle of Christianity and the infidel can meet without a chance of a quarrel; but it is never safe to bring together two men who differ about a saint or a surplice.

Mr. Daubeny, having thus attacked and wounded his enemy, rushed boldly into the question of Church Reform, taking no little pride to himself and to his party that so great a blessing should be bestowed upon the country from so unexpected a source. "See what we Conservatives can do. In fact, we will conserve nothing when we find that you do not desire to have it conserved any longer. 'Quo nimium reris Graiâ pandetur ab arbe.'" It was exactly the reverse of the complaint which Mr. Gresham was about to make. On the subject of the Church itself he was rather misty, but very profound. He went into the question of very early Churches, indeed, and spoke of the misappropriation of endowments in the time of Eli. The establishment of the Levites had been, no doubt, complete; but changes had been effected as circumstances required. He was presumed to have alluded to the order of Melchisedec, but he abstained from any mention of the name. He roamed very wide, and gave many of his hearers an idea that his erudition had carried him into regions in which it was impossible to follow him. The gist of his argument was to show that audacity in Reform was the very backbone of Conservatism. By a clearly pronounced disunion of Church and State the theocracy of Thomas à Becket would be restored, and the people of England would soon again become the faithful flocks of faithful shepherds. By taking away the endowments from the parishes, and giving them back in some complicated way to the country, the parishes would be better able than ever to support their clergymen. Bishops would be bishops indeed, when they were no longer the creatures of a Minister's breath. As to the deans not seeing a clear way to satisfy aspirants for future vacancies in the deaneries, he became more than usually vague, but seemed to imply that the bill which was now, with the leave of the House, to be read a second time contained no clause forbidding the appointment of deans, though the special stipend of the office must be matter of consideration with the new Church Synod.

The details of this part of his speech were felt to be dull by the strangers. As long as he would abuse Mr. Gresham men could listen with pleasure, and could keep their attention fixed while he referred to the general conservatism of the party which he had the honor of leading. There was a raciness in the promise of so much Church destruction from the chosen leader of the Church party, which was assisted by a conviction in the minds of most men that it was impossible for unfortunate Conservatives to refuse to follow this leader, let him lead where he might. There was a gratification in feeling that the country party was bound to follow, even should he take them into the very bowels of a mountain, as the pied piper did the children of Hamelin; and this made listening pleasant. But when Mr. Daubeny stated the effect of his different clauses, explaining what was to be taken and what left—with a fervent assurance that what was to be left would, under the altered circumstances, go much further than the whole had gone before—then the audience became weary, and began to think that it was time that some other gentleman should be upon his legs. But at the end of the Minister's speech there was another touch of invective which went far to redeem him. He returned to that personal question to which his adversary had undertaken to confine himself, and expressed a holy horror at the political doctrine which was implied. He, during a prolonged Parliamentary experience, had encountered much factious opposition. He would even acknowledge that he had seen it exercised on both sides of the House, though he had always striven to keep himself free from its baneful influence. But never till now had he known a statesman proclaim his intention of depending upon faction, and upon faction alone, for the result which he desired to achieve. Let the right honorable gentleman raise a contest on either the principles or the details of the measure, and he would be quite content to abide the decision of the House; but he should regard such a raid as that threatened against him and his friends by the right honorable gentleman as unconstitutional, revolutionary, and tyrannical. He felt sure that an opposition so based, and so maintained, even if it be enabled by the heated feelings of the moment to obtain an unfortunate success in the House, would not be encouraged by the sympathy and support of the country at large. By these last words he was understood to signify that should he be beaten on the second reading, not in reference to the merits of the bill, but simply on the issue as proposed by Mr. Gresham, he would again dissolve the House before he would resign. Now it was very well understood that there were Liberal members in the House who would prefer even the success of Mr. Daubeny to a speedy re-appearance before their constituents.

Mr. Daubeny spoke till nearly eight, and it was surmised at the time that he had craftily arranged his oratory so as to embarrass his opponent. The House had met at four, and was to sit continuously till it was adjourned for the night. When this is the case, gentlemen who speak about eight o'clock are too frequently obliged to address themselves to empty benches. On the present occasion it was Mr. Gresham's intention to follow his opponent at once, instead of waiting, as is usual with a leader of his party, to the close of the debate. It was understood that Mr. Gresham would follow Mr. Daubeny, with the object of making a distinct charge against Ministers, so that the vote on this second reading of the Church Bill might in truth be a vote of want of confidence. But to commence his speech at eight o'clock, when the House was hungry and uneasy, would be a trial. Had Mr. Daubeny closed an hour sooner, there would, with a little stretching of the favored hours, have been time enough. Members would not have objected to postpone their dinner till half past eight, or perhaps nine, when their favorite orator was on his legs. But with Mr. Gresham beginning a great speech at eight, dinner would altogether become doubtful, and the disaster might be serious. It was not probable that Mr. Daubeny had even among his friends proclaimed any such strategy, but it was thought by the political speculators of the day that such an idea had been present to his mind.

But Mr. Gresham was not to be turned from his purpose. He waited for a few moments, and then rose and addressed the Speaker. A few members left the House—gentlemen, doubtless, whose constitutions, weakened by previous service, could not endure prolonged fasting. Some who had nearly reached the door returned to their seats, mindful of Messrs. Roby and Ratler. But for the bulk of those assembled the interest of the moment was greater than the love of dinner. Some of the peers departed, and it was observed that a bishop or two left the House; but among the strangers in the gallery hardly a foot of space was gained. He who gave up his seat then gave it up for the night.

Mr. Gresham began with a calmness of tone which seemed almost to be affected, but which arose from a struggle on his own part to repress that superabundant energy of which he was only too conscious. But the calmness soon gave place to warmth, which heated itself into violence before he had been a quarter of an hour upon his legs. He soon became even ferocious in his invective, and said things so bitter that he had himself no conception of their bitterness. There was this difference between the two men—that whereas Mr. Daubeny hit always as hard as he knew how to hit, having premeditated each blow, and weighed its results beforehand, having calculated his power even to the effect of a blow repeated on a wound already given, Mr. Gresham struck right and left and straightforward with a readiness engendered by practice, and in his fury might have murdered his antagonist before he was aware that he had drawn blood. He began by refusing absolutely to discuss the merits of the bill. The right honorable gentleman had prided himself on his generosity as a Greek. He would remind the right honorable gentleman that presents from Greeks had ever been considered dangerous. "It is their gifts, and only their gifts, that we fear," he said. The political gifts of the right honorable gentleman, extracted by him from his unwilling colleagues and followers, had always been more bitter to the taste than Dead-Sea apples. That such gifts should not be bestowed on the country by unwilling hands, that reform should not come from those who themselves felt the necessity of no reform, he believed to be the wish not only of that House, but of the country at large. Would any gentleman on that bench, excepting the right honorable gentleman himself—and he pointed to the crowded phalanx of the Government—get up and declare that this measure of Church Reform, this severance of Church and State, was brought forward in consonance with his own long-cherished political conviction. He accused that party of being so bound to the chariot wheels of the right honorable gentleman, as to be unable to abide by their own convictions. And as to the right honorable gentleman himself, he would appeal to his followers opposite to say whether the right honorable gentleman was possessed of any one strong political conviction.

He had been accused of being unconstitutional, revolutionary, and tyrannical. If the House would allow him, he would very shortly explain his idea of constitutional government as carried on in this country. It was based and built on majorities in that House, and supported solely by that power. There could be no constitutional government in this country that was not so maintained. Any other government must be both revolutionary and tyrannical. Any other government was a usurpation; and he would make bold to tell the right honorable gentleman that a Minister in this country who should recommend her Majesty to trust herself to advisers not supported by a majority of the House of Commons would plainly be guilty of usurping the powers of the State. He threw from him with disdain the charge which had been brought against himself of hankering after the sweets of office. He indulged, and gloried in indulging, the highest ambition of an English subject. But he gloried much more in the privileges and power of that House within the walls of which was centred all that was salutary, all that was efficacious, all that was stable in the political constitution of his country. It had been his pride to have acted during nearly all his political life with that party which had commanded a majority, but he would defy his most bitter adversary, he would defy the right honorable gentleman himself, to point to any period of his career in which he had been unwilling to succumb to a majority when he himself had belonged to the minority.

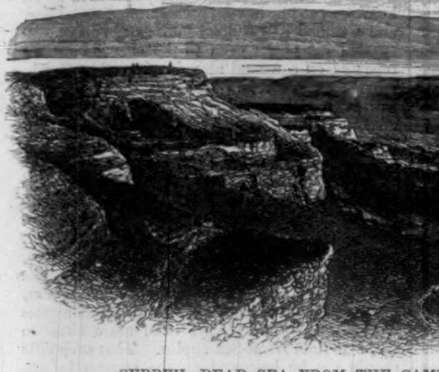
He himself would regard the vote on this occasion as a vote of want of confidence. He took the line he was now taking because he desired to bring the House to a decision on that question. He himself had not that confidence in the right honorable gentleman which would justify him in accepting a measure on so important a subject as the union or severence of Church and State from his hands. Should the majority of the House differ from him and support the second reading of the bill, he would at once so far succumb as to give his best attention to the clauses of the bill, and endeavor with the assistance of those gentlemen who acted with him to make it suitable to the wants of the country by omissions and additions as the clauses should pass through committee. But before doing that he would ask the House to decide, with all its solemnity and all its weight, whether it was willing to accept from the hands of the right honorable gentleman any measure of reform on a matter so important as this now before them. It was nearly ten when he sat down; and then the stomach of the House could stand it no longer, and an adjournment at once took place.

On the next morning it was generally considered that Mr. Daubeny had been too long and Mr. Gresham too passionate. There were some who declared that Mr. Gresham had never been finer than when he described the privileges of the House of Commons; and others who thought that Mr. Daubeny's lucidity had been marvelous; but in this case, as in most others, the speeches of the day were generally thought to have been very inferior to the great efforts of the past.

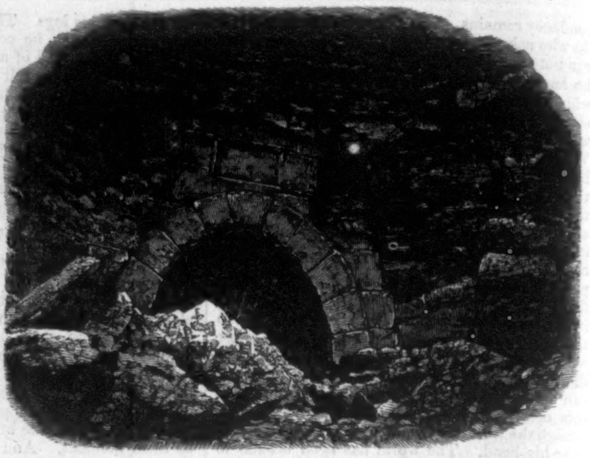
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRY COPYING-INK.

INK made according to the following method, patented in France, requires twenty minutes to dry perfectly, and can then be copied from without dampening, and, if desired, several copies can be taken from the same manuscript. Boil 150 grains of gall-nuts, 1500 grains of sulphate of iron, 4500 grains of ground logwood with one and a half quarts of water, and evaporate to one quart; decant into another vessel, and then add 3750 grains of molasses, 225 grains of gum, and 750 grains of alcohol; allow it to settle, and pass through a coarse filter.



SEBBEH—DEAD SEA FROM THE CAMP.



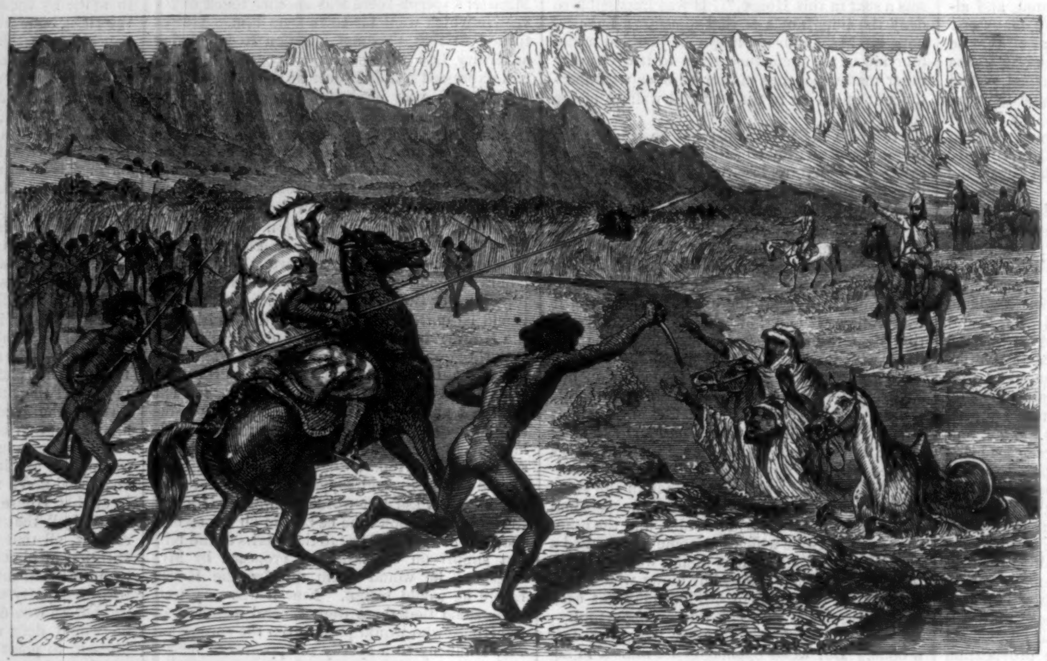
TUNNEL ENTRANCE TO KERAK.

EXPLORATIONS IN MOAB.

Few know any thing of Moab further than that it is a country on the east side of the Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea, and is often mentioned in the Old Testament as being inhabited by a people who were almost constantly at war with the Hebrews during their occupation of Palestine. After notices of these wars the Moabites are little heard of in history. They fell under the sway of successive conquerors, Romans, Persians, Syrians, and so on, until latterly they were mastered by the Turks, who, according to their usual practice, reduced a fertile country to a desert, and left the inhabitants to live by a blended system of pasturing sheep and cattle and plundering all the strangers who unhappily fell in their way. The Dead Sea has, on the whole, been a good thing for them. Travelers from all parts of Christendom have visited it for centuries as a natural as well as historical curiosity, and it has always been a pleasant thing for the wandering Moabites, under their sheiks, to exact contributions as heavy as they could possibly levy from those who ventured to cross the Jordan or go round by the south end of the lake. For the most part, adventurous travelers have been thankful to save their lives by yielding to the demands of these unscrupulous robbers.

Until recent times the most successful explorer of Moab was the eminent Swiss traveler, **Burckhardt**, who went through the country in 1810, and has left an account of his journey. For that difficult undertaking he had prepared himself by studying Arabic and becoming acquainted with chemistry, astronomy, medicine, and surgery. Simulating the character of a Mussulman, and acting as a physician, he was fortunate in not only exploring Moab, but in traveling unharmed to Mecca and participating in the ceremonies of the Mohammedan pilgrims. The revelations of **Burckhardt** whetted curiosity. Moab evidently possessed remarkable remains of art, such as old buildings, roads, inscriptions, and other tokens of an ancient civilization. Yet such was its state of insecurity that few attempted deliberate researches. The first thing that stimulated investigation was the accidental discovery of the famous Moabite Stone, with an inscription which confirmed some interesting facts in Scripture history. Professor **Palmer** and Mr. **Tyrwhitt Drake**, under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund, made a hasty journey into the land of Moab in 1870 to search for Phœnician inscriptions, in which they were not very successful.

Thus matters stood when the British Association in 1871 granted a sum of money to carry out a geographical exploration of Moab. An expedition was accordingly organized for the purpose. It included gentlemen qualified to execute photographs of places of special interest, and to make proper topographical surveys. At the head of the expedition was the Rev. Dr. H. B. **Tristram**, Honorary Canon of Durham, who, like **Burckhardt**, was skilled in languages, and could on occasion perform the function of a physician. All were well armed with revolvers and guns—the guns being of importance, if only for the sake of shooting game to supplement the stores of groceries and provisions required in a journey of two months in the desert. Through the aid of the Rev. F. A. **Klein**, Church Missionary Society's representative at Jerusalem, a dragoman, horses, and mules were engaged. Disappointed in a promised escort by a sheik who claimed the right to conduct travelers round the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, Dr. **Tristram** and his friends set out from Jerusalem on the 29th January, 1872, the route being such as several members of the party, the leader included, were already acquainted with. The story of their wanderings, adventures, explorations, and discoveries is told in a very interesting work by Dr. **Tristram**, just published by Messrs. **Harper & Brothers**. From its profusely illustrated pages we select the pictures which accompany this article.



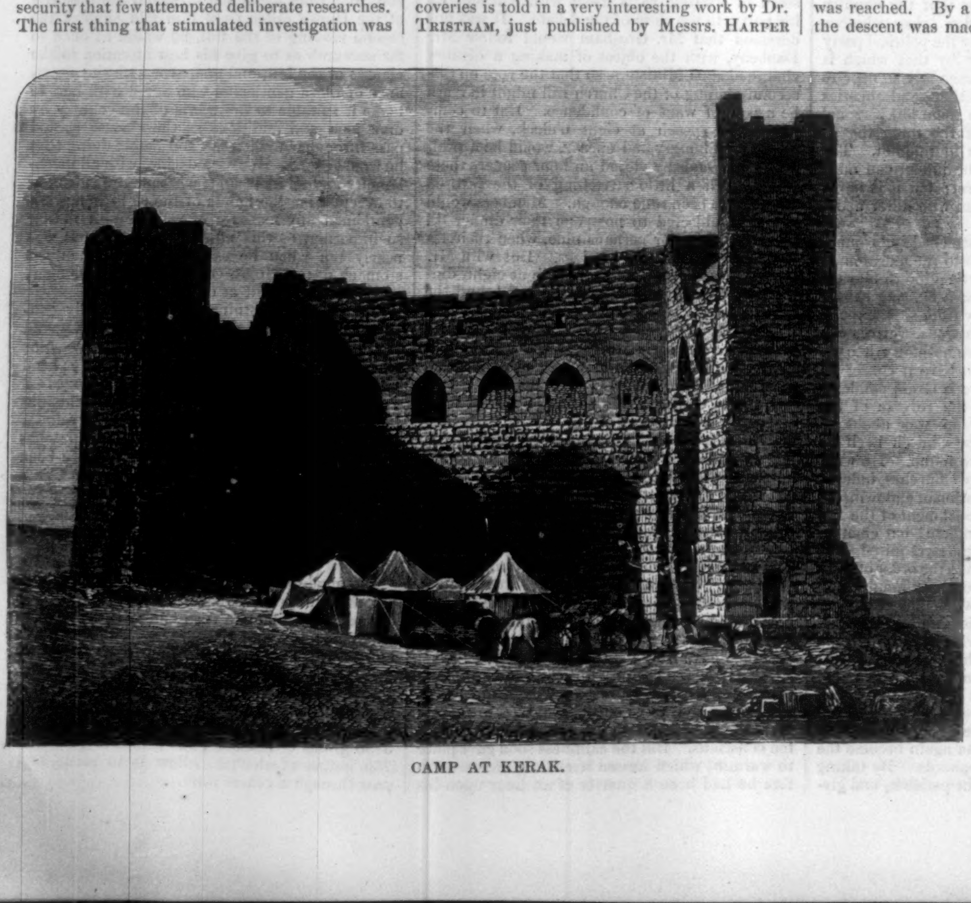
ARAB SKIRMISH.

The cavalcade, as in all Eastern journeys, was attended by a number of followers to picket horses, set up tents for the night, and perform other needful offices. Proceeding by way of Bethlehem, with an intention to strike on the Dead Sea about the middle of its western side, the party spent the first night under canvas on a slope to the south of Hebron. There the evening meal was partaken of under a clear moonlight sky. During the night the thermometer stood at 35° F., a degree of cold not unusual at the season. Next morning a purchase of some excellent wine of Eshcol was made from a Jew merchant in Hebron. The rest of the day was spent in concluding a contract with a sheik, **Abou da Houk**, to conduct the party to Kerak, in Moab. It was a tiresome piece of diplomacy, and to the contract, which was written by a native scribe, all set their seals. One of the chiefs in the escort, who happened to have no seal, wetted the point of his finger with ink and pressed it on the document. The price to be paid was 2500 piastres. A Turkish piastre is worth about twopence half-penny. Half the money was paid down in napoleons, which form the most convenient traveling money in the East.

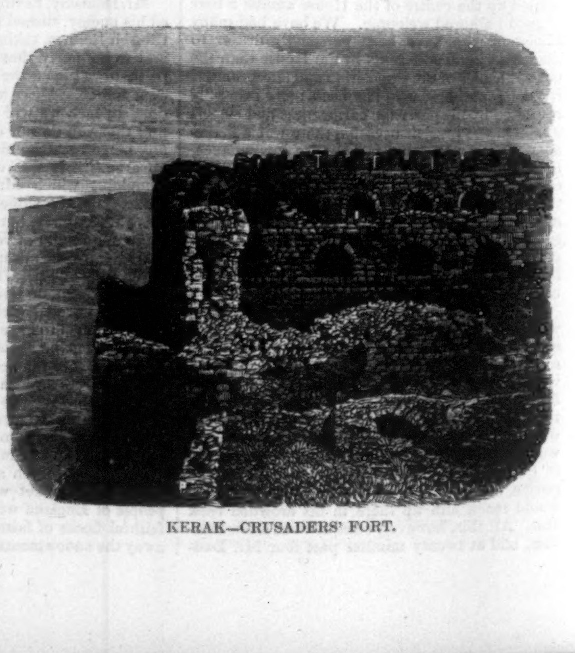
Departing from Hebron, the expedition turned its back on the outskirts of civilization, and shortly, on crossing the water-shed of the Mediterranean and Dead seas, the true wilderness was reached. By a pass in the cliffs at Engedi the descent was made to the shore of the lake. This pass has since ancient times been the principal channel of communication from Southern Moab to Palestine, for the border of the lake farther north is too precipitous to allow of transit. It was here that invaders of old entered the hill-country of Judæa, and from Kerak to Jerusalem the pass, though only a zigzag pathway on rugged mountain steeps, continues to be used by traders. The scene from the top of the pass was particularly grand. The Dead Sea, which came into view, is in all respects a wonder. It lies as in a pit, sunk amidst mountains, at a depth of thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Receiving the Jordan at its northern extremity, and a great number of smaller streams on both sides, it has no outlet; in its length of forty miles, by an average breadth of nine miles, its waters escape only by exhalation. After encamping for a Sunday on the sultry shore of the lake, the party went on toward Jebel Usdum, a huge ridge of rock-salt, at the south end of the lake, near the supposed site of Sodom. Rounding this critical point, the party crossed the desolate sand-swamp ordinarily called the Vale of Salt, and after several hours of toil and trouble, arrived at the boundary line of ancient Edom. The expedition was now in Moab.

Hitherto, with the exception of squabbles about backshish, things had gone on with tolerable smoothness. Now, on entering Moab, every one had to be on the alert, for a crowd of savages hung on the skirts of the party, ready to steal any thing—horses included—which they could lay their hands on. There was a more serious danger in an attack from mounted Bedouins, of the tribe of Beni Atiyeh, but the party were saved by the good management of the sheik commanding the escort, and the first night in Moab was passed over peacefully. Proceeding onward, some ruins covering a large space were seen, but no proper conjecture could be formed regarding them, except that they might be the remains of Nimrim. The route pursued was close in upon the eastern shore of the lake, with bare fantastic cliffs of new red sandstone overhead, and waddies, or rugged valleys, which required to be crossed. At Dráa, a place overhanging the peninsula which here projects into the Dead Sea, the conclusion arrived at was that it was the Zoar of mediæval history, distinguished as the seat of a bishopric in the fifth century.

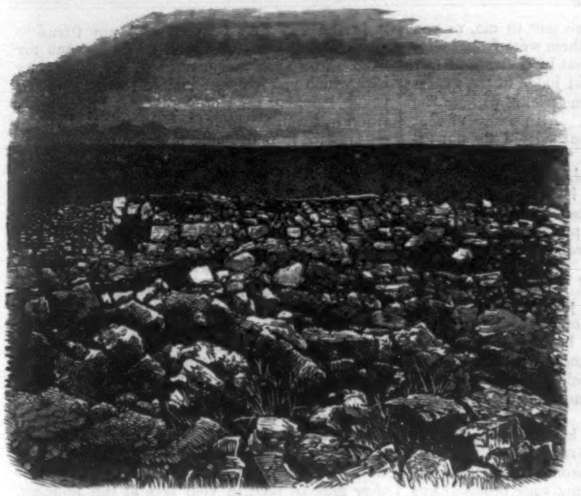
Here there was an adventure. A portion of the guard had departed for Jerusalem, carrying with them letters for England; and thus weakened in its defenses, the expedition was in a great measure at the mercy of the Beni Atiyeh tribe, of which there now appeared an encampment prepared for mischief. Yielding to threats, the party were saved from destruction by paying twenty-five napoleons. Free to move on, the cavalcade ascended the rising grounds to Kerak, a ride of more than five hours over what might be called Alpine scenery. Proceeding up a gorge, which was at one time an important pass, the



CAMP AT KERAK.



KERAK—CRUSADERS' FORT.



RUINS OF DHIBAN, WHERE THE MOABITE STONE WAS FOUND.

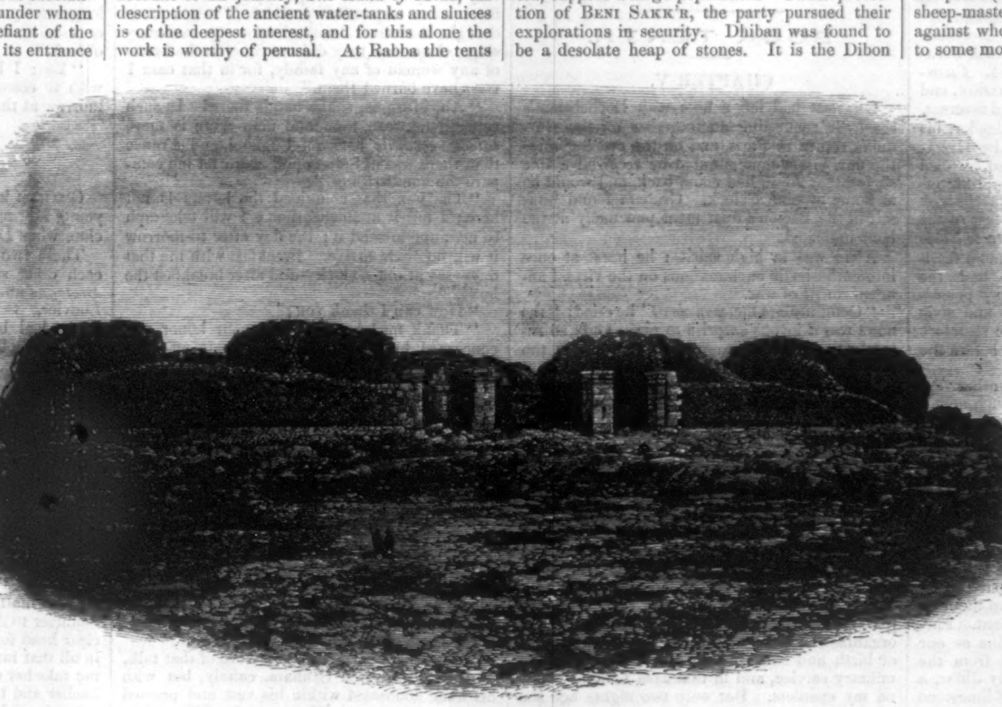
party came upon a ruined fort, dating from the last crusade, when it was held by **Raynald**, a chieftain made captive in battle by **Saladin**, 1187, just before the rendering up of Jerusalem.

Towering over the rocks at the head of the gorge stands Kerak—the Kir-Haraseth of Scripture—a fortress which, though partially in ruin, is of surprising strength and magnitude. There are indications of its Roman origin, but substantially it is a work of the crusaders, under whom it was a Christian bulwark long defiant of the Saracens. What with its lofty walls, its entrance by easily guarded tunnels, and its picturesque situation, Kerak is even now in its shattered decay a marvel of art. Getting access by means of the tunnels, the party encamped within the castle. Tents were set up, horses and mules were picketed, and other preparations made for a short stay, the proceedings being jealously watched by a crowd of eager on-lookers. Much to their gratification, Dr. **Tristram** and his friends were almost immediately visited by a young man, a native of the town, in ecclesiastical costume, who acted as teacher in a Greek missionary school, and volunteered to lionize them over the place. Under his guidance they visited the remains of Roman baths, some vaults with Roman pavements, and the Greek church, a building in an old Norman style, with a well sunk in the floor of the nave. Returning to camp, there ensued a scene of uproar and dismay. **Mudjelli**, a young chief, who assumed to be the principal local authority, was enraged that the party had gone over the castle without his consent and escort, for which he claimed a fee of six hundred pounds, and this sum, which he considered moderate, must now be paid. We have not space to describe the embroilment. For a time the party were placed under guard, and experienced other indignities. A letter explaining the difficulty was written to the British consul at Jerusalem, and was secretly dispatched by a faithful messenger. Before an answer arrived **Mudjelli** saw he had carried things too far. His demands had been mere bluster. The father of the youth interfered with apologies, and **Beni Sakk'r Zadam**, the sheik who now felt himself accountable for the party, having made his appearance, peace was established, and pipes smoked as a token of reconciliation.

The number of Christians in Kerak is estimated at 1600, in a population of 8000. The Christians live in a particular quarter of the town. In their school were noticed books, Psalters and Testaments and two Arabic Bibles, with the Bible Society's stamp on the covers—a hopeful beginning in the process of civilizing the whole community, and to which we hope no check will be interposed. The very existence of a Christian community in one of the old cities of Moab is a gratifying indication of progress. Before departure from the place, Dr. **Tristram**, with one or two companions, devoted a day to an excursion southward, and there discovered numerous ruins of historical interest, all demonstrative of a large settled population in ancient times. In the course of the ride he came upon the old Roman road, which still, with its bounding walls in good preservation, runs in a distinct line north and south through Moab, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles east of the Dead Sea. It was chiefly along or near this line of road that the party proceeded northward from Kerak to Rabba, or Rabbath-Moab, the Areopolis of the Greek and Roman writers.

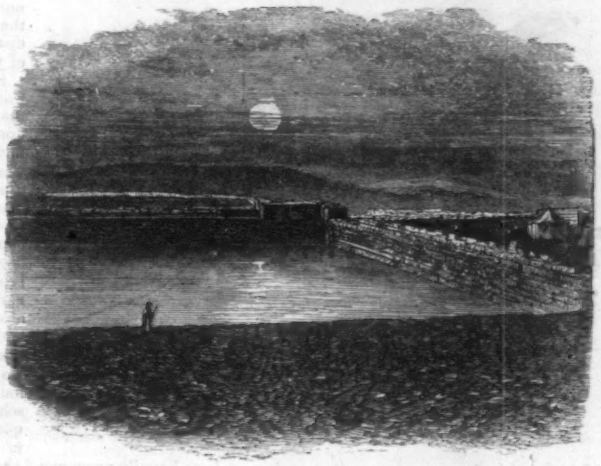
In going along this northern plain there were opportunities of seeing the means which the Romans had adopted for insuring fertility by irrigation from artificial tanks. In Dr. **Tristram's** account of his journey, *The Land of Moab*, his description of the ancient water-tanks and sluices is of the deepest interest, and for this alone the work is worthy of perusal. At Rabba the tents of the party were pitched in the bottom of an immense tank, fifty to sixty yards in length and breadth, and which was perhaps fifty feet deep, its actual depth being uncertain from the quantity of débris. Rabba, a town of the Roman period, but with remains of an earlier date, is wholly in ruins. Buildings of an elegant style of architecture have fallen down, fragments of Corinthian pillars and broken sarcophagi lie scattered among a countless number of vaults, now used as a shelter for Arabs and their flocks of sheep and goats. The Roman road intersects the ruined city, and was followed by the travelers northward. Three of the Roman mile-stones were still entire, but prostrated on the ground. In the course of the day's journey the ruins of temples and other imposing edifices were passed. Among the ruins of Kasr-Rabba the party found their messenger to Jerusalem, on his return, with a letter intimating that a body of soldiers were sent to their succor, such aid, fortunately, not being now required.

The river Arnon, which flows down a deep and picturesque ravine of limestone cliffs, being successfully crossed, the journey was continued northward along the upper country of Moab, interesting from having been inhabited by the Amorites, who were vanquished by **Moses**, and whose lands fell to the share of **Gad**, **Reuben**, and **Manasseh**. It appears to be a district full of memorials of the past. Every day's march disclosed heaps of ruins, some of them covering several acres, along with the remains of well-built water-tanks of prodigious dimensions, and so many evidences of ancient fertility as to give the impression that if social order were established the country would, as of old, support a large population. Under protection of **Beni Sakk'r**, the party pursued their explorations in security. Dhiban was found to be a desolate heap of stones. It is the Dibon referred to by **Jeremiah** as doomed to submit to the spoiler, and no destruction could be more complete.



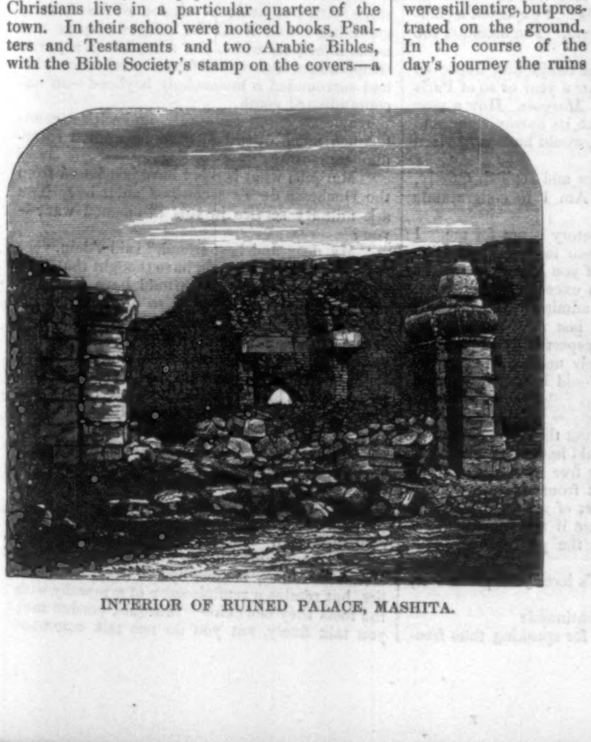
INNER PALACE OF MASHITA, FROM WITHIN THE OUTER GATEWAY.

Amidst the ruins of Dhiban the Moabite Stone was discovered by Mr. **Klein** in 1868. It was a heavy basaltic monolith, three and a half feet long by two feet broad. On one side was a lengthened inscription in the Shemitic character, purporting that the stone was set up at Dibon by **Mesha**, King of Moab, in honor of his god Kemosh, also in testimony of his conquests and of the public works which he had executed. As nearly as scholars can determine, the stone was set up 896 B.C., or two thousand four hundred and sixty-nine years ago. A dispute having arisen among the natives regarding the proprietorship of the stone, a party of the rival claimants mischievously shattered it in pieces, but, fortunately, not before a copy of the inscription had been effected. **Mesha** is mentioned in Scripture (2 Kings, iii.) as King of Moab and a sheep-master, tributary to the King of Israel, against whom he rebelled, the rebellion leading to some momentous incidents. The destruction of the stone which he had set up at Dibon is matter for universal and lasting regret.

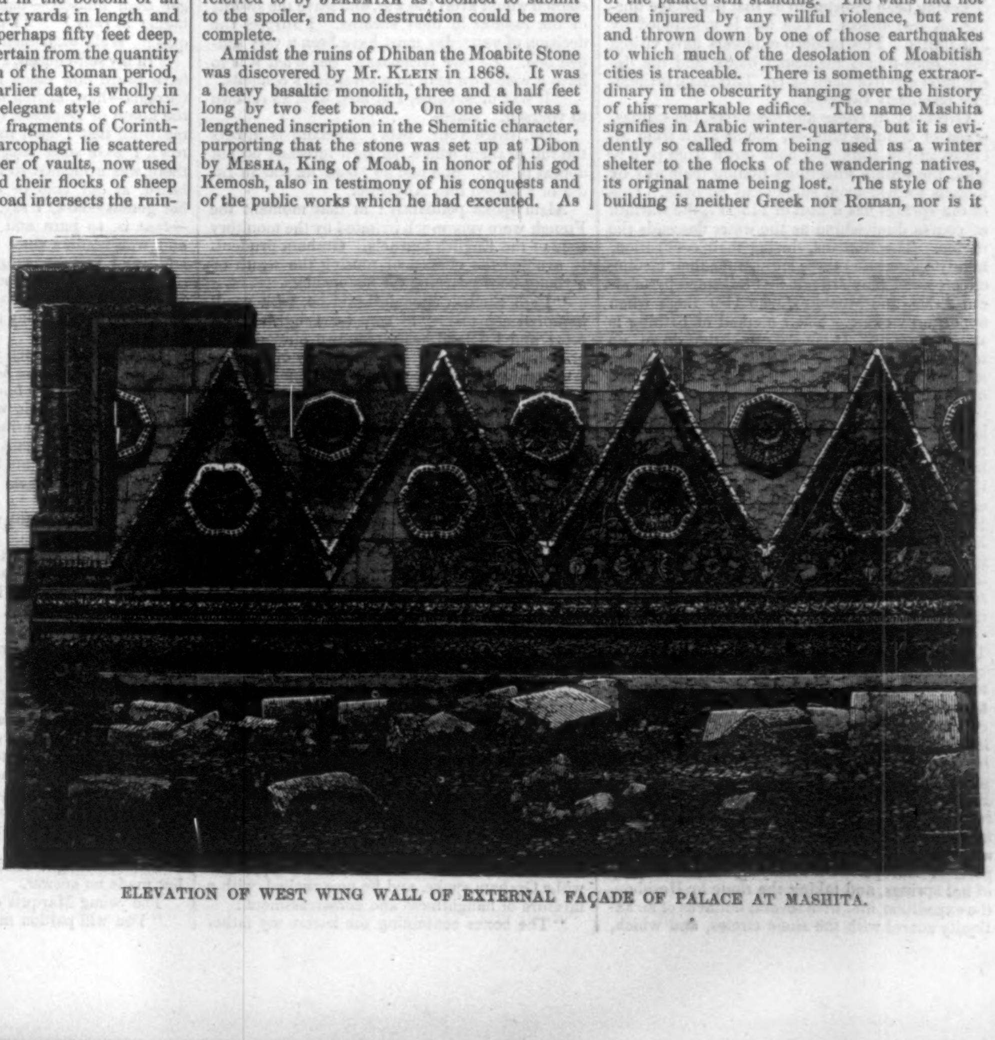


TANK AT ZIZA.

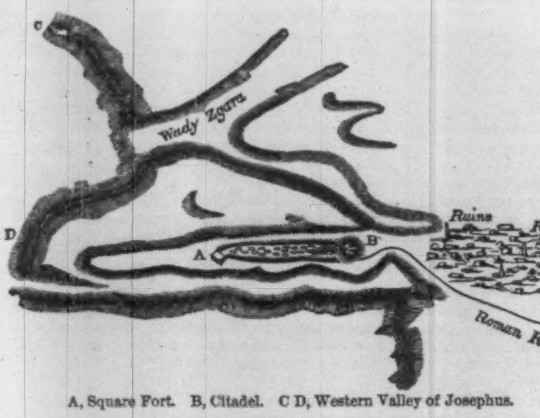
At Ziza, in a northeasterly direction, the travelers came upon extensive water-tanks of solid construction, and the ruins of buildings of Saracenic origin. What was here seen fell far short of the splendid remains of Mashita, a short way beyond the road used by pilgrims to Mecca. The ruins were not those of a town, but of a magnificent palace, of which no mention is made in history, and which is unnoticed in any map. Its site is at a distance of thirty miles, in a straight line east from the northern extremity of the Dead Sea. There it stands in solitary grandeur on the silent waste, its shattered walls covered by architectural decorations, reminding one of the peculiar and rich style of the Alhambra. The building is described as consisting of a large quadrangle, measuring one hundred and seventy yards on each side, with rounded bastions at the angles. The entrance gate at the centre of the front façade leads to a hall which opens on several inner courts. The lower part of the edifice is built as vaults. What strikes the observer with surprise is the good preservation of all parts of the palace still standing. The walls had not been injured by any willful violence, but rent and thrown down by one of those earthquakes to which much of the desolation of Moabitish cities is traceable. There is something extraordinary in the obscurity hanging over the history of this remarkable edifice. The name Mashita signifies in Arabic winter-quarters, but it is evidently so called from being used as a winter shelter to the flocks of the wandering natives, its original name being lost. The style of the building is neither Greek nor Roman, nor is it



INTERIOR OF RUINED PALACE, MASHITA.



ELEVATION OF WEST WING WALL OF EXTERNAL FAÇADE OF PALACE AT MASHITA.



A, Square Fort. B, Citadel. C D, Western Valley of Josephus.

PLAN OF MACHÆRUS, AND THE RAVINES AROUND IT.

Mohammedan, for among its carvings are human and animal figures, which are not allowable by Moslem doctrine. The palace, however, is evidently according to Eastern taste, and had been erected by a potentate of the NEBUCHADNEZZAR type.

At a loss to clear up the mystery while on the spot, Dr. TRISTRAM, on coming home, received what may be considered a satisfactory explanation from Mr. J. FERGUSSON, well known from his architectural and archæological knowledge. The opinion he gave was that the palace is to be referred to CHOSROES II. of the Sassanian dynasty of Persian kings, who overran Northern Syria and Asia Minor, A.D. 611, and took Jerusalem by assault from the Romans, 614. CHOSROES II. was a kind of Eastern NAPOLEON, and eventually experienced similar deserved reverses. After a short reign of rapine and splendor, his conquests were wrenched from him by HERACLIUS, the Roman Emperor, 627, and he died miserably as a fugitive. It was an expiring effort of Roman power. In 632 the Saracens took possession of Arabia and the country east of the Jordan, and five years later Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Calif OMAR. The most feasible conjecture is that CHOSROES II. built the palace of Mashita during his transitory possession of Moab according to the plans and style of a Persian architect, the date of the structure being perhaps 620, only a few years before the era of Mohammedan triumph.

Dr. TRISTRAM made a number of other discoveries in this quarter, but none of such novelty or magnitude as that just mentioned. The expedition was now in what is called the Beni-Hamideh territory, which is occupied by a people only semi-nomadic in their habits. They partake more of the character of the shepherd than the robber, and living part of the year in huts, around which there is a little cultivation, they do not prove a serious terror to travelers. We are told that, not possessing a wide sweep of power, they can not properly act the part of escorting sheiks, and that dependence on them by explorers has often led to disappointment. Early in March, the weather being as fine as our American June, the party descended from the high pastoral region down the Waddy Jiffar, a valley lined with picturesque masses of limestone and basalt, to the border of the Dead Sea. The waddy is celebrated for its hot sulphurous springs, known as the Baths of Herod, in consequence of having been resorted to by that personage during his last illness. The fact is mentioned by JOSEPHUS. Few modern explorers have visited these once-famed medicinal baths, and the description given of them by Dr. TRISTRAM is therefore peculiarly valuable.

Overhung by palms and oleanders, the springs, seven or eight in number, bubble forth from recesses in the cliffs, and pour down from pool to pool, the waters sometimes finding their way by tunnels formed from sulphurous deposits. One of the springs has a heat of 143° F., the warmth of course diminishing as the water descends the ravine. The Romans, during their occupation, highly appreciated these springs for their healing effects; and they are not less esteemed by modern Arabs and Moabites, who visit them when opportunity offers. Their method of bathing is simple enough. It consists in sitting down, up to the neck, in one of the open pools, the steam which curls overhead blending with the perfume of wild flowers, and the spectacle around gorgeous with swarms of beautiful butterflies—a bath equally enjoyable and beneficial, for which, according to an Arab proverb, the patient is "to thank Allah and be gone." For any thing one can tell in this age of progress, we may live to see the Baths of Herod numbered in the list of fashionable Brunnens. All that is needed to bring back Moab into a condition of settled prosperity is to give security to life and property. The establishment of a garrison of Turkish soldiers at Kerak, which we learn took place in the spring of the present year, is a step in the right direction.

Leaving the encampment at the baths, Dr. TRISTRAM, with a guide and a muleteer to carry a photographic apparatus, started for a short tour southward, to inspect the ruins of Machærus, a Moabitish stronghold. Its history is intimately connected with the Jews under the MACCABEES, in their last struggle against the Roman power, but is not less interesting from having been the place of imprisonment and death of JOHN the Baptist. The excursion brought unexpectedly into view, on a high ground, several circles of upright stones, dating from prehistoric times, and resembling those which are found in various parts of Europe. On finally quitting the valley of hot springs, and taking the route by Heshbon, the expedition met with several dolmens of an antiquity coeval with the stone circles, and which, unharmed, have survived the political and military disturbances of thousands of years.

Rounding to the eastward, and descending to the fertile plain of the Jordan, that river, in its breadth of sixty yards, was crossed by means of a public ferry-boat; and landing in Palestine at a short distance from Jericho, the expedition was, happily without accident, brought to a close. The narrative we have been able to present is but an outline of details of the most absorbing interest. To the geographer, the naturalist, the biblical scholar, and the antiquary, as well as the reader for mere amusement, we heartily recommend the perusal of Dr. TRISTRAM's interesting work.

(Continued from No. 875, page 887.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK TENTH.

CHAPTER V.

GRAHAM had left a note with Rochebriant's *concierge* requesting an interview on the Marquis's return to Paris, and on the evening after the day just commemorated he received a line saying that Alain had come back, and would be at home at nine o'clock. Graham found himself in the Breton's apartment punctually at the hour indicated.

Alain was in high spirits: he burst at once into enthusiastic exclamations on the virtual announcement of war.

"Congratulate me, *mon cher!*" he cried; "the news was a joyous surprise to me. Only so recently as yesterday morning I was under the gloomy apprehension that the Imperial Cabinet would continue to back Ollivier's craven declaration 'that France had not been affronted!' The Duchesse de Tarascon, at whose *campagne* I was a guest, is (as you doubtless know) very much in the confidence of the Tuileries. On the first signs of war I wrote to her, saying, that whatever the objections of my pride to enter the army as a private in time of peace, such objections ceased on the moment when all distinctions of France must vanish in the eyes of sons eager to defend her banners. The Duchesse in reply begged me to come to her *campagne*, and talk over the matter. I went. She then said that if war should break out, it was the intention to organize the *mobiles*, and officer them with men of birth and education, irrespective of previous military service, and in that case I might count on my epaulets. But only two nights ago she received a letter—I know not, of course, from whom—evidently from some high authority—that induced her to think the moderation of the council would avert the war, and leave the swords of the *mobiles* in their sheaths. I suspect the decision of yesterday must have been a very sudden one. *Le cher Gramont!* See what it is to have a well-born man in a sovereign's councils."

"If war must come, I at least wish all renown to yourself. But—"

"Oh, spare your '*buts;*' England is always too full of them where her own interests do not appeal to her. She had no 'buts' for war in India or a march into Abyssinia."

Alain spoke petulantly; at that moment the French were very much irritated by the monitory tone of the English journals. Graham prudently avoided the chance of rousing the wrath of a young hero yearning for his epaulets.

"I am English enough," said he, with good-humored courtesy, "to care for English interests; and England has no interest abroad dearer to her than the welfare and dignity of France. And now let me tell you why I presumed on an acquaintance less intimate than I could desire to solicit this interview on a matter which concerns myself, and in which you could perhaps render me a considerable service."

"If I can, count it rendered; move to this sofa; join me in a cigar, and let us talk at ease *comme de vieux amis*, whose fathers or brothers might have fought side by side in the Crimea." Graham removed to the sofa beside Rochebriant, and after one or two whiffs, laid aside the cigar and began:

"Among the correspondence which monsieur your father has left are there any letters of no distant date signed Marigny—Madame Marigny? Pardon me, I should state my motive in putting this question. I am intrusted with a charge the fulfillment of which may prove to the benefit of this lady or her child; such fulfillment is a task imposed upon my honor. But all the researches to discover this lady which I have instituted stop at a certain date, with this information—viz., that she corresponded occasionally with the late Marquis de Rochebriant; that he habitually preserved the letters of his correspondents; and that these letters were severally transmitted to you at his decease."

Alain's face had taken a very grave expression while Graham spoke, and he now replied, with a mixture of haughtiness and embarrassment:

"The boxes containing the letters my father received and preserved were sent to me, as you say—the larger portion of them were from ladies—sorted and labeled, so that in glancing at any letter in each packet I could judge of the general tenor of those in the same packet without the necessity of reading them. All packets of that kind, Monsieur Vane, I burned. I do not remember any letters signed 'Marigny.'"

"I perfectly understand, my dear Marquis, that you would destroy all letters which your father himself would have destroyed if his last illness had been sufficiently prolonged. But I do not think the letters I mean would have come under that classification; probably they were short, and on matters of business relating to some third person—some person, for instance, of the name of Louise, or of Duval!"

"Stop! let me think. I have a vague remembrance of one or two letters which rather perplexed me; they were labeled, 'Louise D——. Mem.: to make further inquiries as to the fate of her uncle.'"

"Marquis, these are the letters I seek. Thank Heaven, you have not destroyed them!"

"No; there was no reason why I should destroy, though I really can not state precisely any reason why I kept them. I have a very vague recollection of their existence."

"I entreat you to allow me at least to glance at the handwriting, and compare it with that of a letter I have about me; and if the several handwritings correspond, I would ask you to let me have the address, which, according to your father's memorandum, will be found in the letters you have preserved."

"To compliance with such a request I not only can not demur, but perhaps it may free me from some responsibility which I might have thought the letters devolved upon my executorship. I am sure they did not concern the honor of any woman of any family, for in that case I *must* have burned them."

"Ah, Marquis, shake hands there! In such concord between man and man there is more *entente cordiale* between England and France than there was at Sebastopol. Now let me compare the handwritings."

"The box that contained the letters is not here; I left it at Rochebriant; I will telegraph to my aunt to send it; the day after to-morrow it will no doubt arrive. Breakfast with me that day—say at one o'clock—and after breakfast the box!"

"How can I thank you?"

"Thank me! but you said your honor was concerned in your request—requests affecting honor between men *comme il faut* is a ceremony, of course, like a bow between them. One bows, the other returns the bow—no thanks on either side. Now that we have done with that matter, let me say that I thought your wish for our interview originated in a very different cause."

"What could that be?"

"Nay, do you not recollect that last talk between us, when with such loyalty you spoke to me about Mademoiselle Cicogna, and supposing that there might be rivalship between us, retracted all that you might have before said to warn me against fostering the sentiment with which she had inspired me, even at the first slight glance of a face which can not be lightly forgotten by those who have once seen it?"

"I recollect perfectly every word of that talk, Marquis," answered Graham, calmly, but with his hand concealed within his vest and pressed tightly to his heart. The warning of Mrs. Morley flashed upon him. "Was this the man to seize the prize he had put aside—this man, younger than himself—handsomer than himself—higher in rank?" "I recollect that talk, Marquis! Well, what then?"

"In my self-conceit, I supposed that you might have heard how much I admired Mademoiselle Cicogna—how, having not long since met her at the house of Duplessis (who, by-the-way, writes me word that I shall meet you *chez lui* to-morrow), I have since sought her society wherever there was a chance to find it. You may have heard, at our club or elsewhere, how I adore her genius—how, I say, that nothing so *Breton*—that is, so pure and so lofty—has appeared and won readers since the days of Châteaubriand—and you, knowing that *les absens out toujours tort*, come to me and ask Monsieur de Rochebriant, Are we rivals? I expected a challenge. You relieve my mind. You abandon the field to me?"

At the first I warned the reader how improved from his old *mauvaise honte* a year or so of Paris life would make our *beau Marquis*. How a year or two of London life, with its horsey slang and its fast girls of the period, would have vulgarized an English Rochebriant!

Graham gnawed his lips and replied, quietly, "I do not challenge! Am I to congratulate you?"

"No; that brilliant victory is not for me. I thought that was made clear in the conversation I have referred to. But if you have done me the honor to be jealous, I am exceedingly flattered. Speaking seriously, if I admired Mademoiselle Cicogna when you and I last met, the admiration is increased by the respect with which I regard a character so simply noble. How many women older than she would have been spoiled by the adulation that has followed her literary success?—how few women so young, placed in a position so critical, having the courage to lead a life so independent, would have maintained the dignity of their character free from a single indiscretion? I speak not from my own knowledge, but from the report of all who would be pleased enough to censure if they could find a cause. Good society is the paradise of *mauvaises langues.*"

Graham caught Alain's hand and pressed it, but made no answer.

The young Marquis continued:

"You will pardon me for speaking thus freely in the way that I would wish any friend to speak of the *demoiselle* who might become my wife. I owe you much, not only for the loyalty with which you addressed me in reference to this young lady, but for words affecting my own position in France, which sunk deep into my mind—saved me from deeming myself a *poscrit* in my own land—filled me with a manly ambition, not stifled amidst the thick of many effeminate follies—and, in fact, led me to the career which is about to open before me, and in which my ancestors have left me no undistinguished examples. Let us speak, then, *à cœur ouvert*, as one friend to another. Has there been any misunderstanding between you and Mademoiselle Cicogna which has delayed your return to Paris? If so, is it over now?"

"There has been no such misunderstanding."

"Do you doubt whether the sentiments you expressed in regard to her, when we met last year, are returned?"

"I have no right to conjecture her sentiments. You mistake altogether."

"I do not believe that I am dunce enough to mistake your feelings toward mademoiselle—they may be read in your face at this moment. Of course I do not presume to hazard a conjecture as to those of mademoiselle toward yourself. But when I met her not long since at the house of Duplessis, with whose daughter she is intimate, I chanced to speak to her of you; and if I may judge by looks and manner, I chose no displeasing theme. You turn away. I offend you?"

"Offend—no, indeed; but on this subject I am not prepared to converse. I came to Paris on matters of business much complicated, and which ought to absorb my attention. I can not longer trespass on your evening. The day after to-morrow, then, I will be with you at one o'clock."

"Yes; I hope then to have the letters you wish to consult; and, meanwhile, we meet to-morrow at the Hôtel Duplessis."

CHAPTER VI.

GRAHAM had scarcely quitted Alain, and the young Marquis was about to saunter forth to his club, when Duplessis was announced.

These two men had naturally seen much of each other since Duplessis had returned from *Bretagne* and delivered Alain from the gripe of Louvier. Scarcely a day had passed but what Alain had been summoned to enter into the financier's plans for the aggrandizement of the Rochebriant estates, and deliberately made to feel that he had become a partner in speculations which, thanks to the capital and the abilities Duplessis brought to bear, seemed likely to result in the ultimate freedom of his property from all burdens, and the restoration of his inheritance to a splendor correspondent with the dignity of his rank.

On the plea that his mornings were chiefly devoted to professional business, Duplessis arranged that these consultations should take place in the evenings. From those consultations Valérie was not banished; Duplessis took her into the council as a matter of course. "Valérie," said the financier to Alain, "though so young, has a very clear head for business, and she is so interested in all that interests myself that even where I do not take her opinion, I at least feel my own made livelier and brighter by her sympathy."

So the girl was in the habit of taking her work or her book into the *cabinet de travail*, and never obtruding a suggestion unasked, still, when appealed to, speaking with a modest good sense which justified her father's confidence and praise; and *apropos* of her book, she had taken Châteaubriand into peculiar favor. Alain had respectfully presented to her beautifully bound copies of *Atala* and *Le Génie du Christianisme.* It is astonishing, indeed, how he had already contrived to regulate her tastes in literature. The charms of those quiet family evenings had stolen into the young Breton's heart.

He yearned for none of the gayer reunions in which he had before sought for a pleasure that his nature had not found, for amidst the amusements of Paris Alain remained intensely Breton—viz., formed eminently for the simple joys of domestic life, associating the sacred hearthstone with the antique religion of his fathers, gathering round it all the images of pure and noble affections which the romance of a poetic temperament had evoked from the solitude which had surrounded a melancholy boyhood—an uncontaminated youth.

Duplessis entered abruptly, and with a countenance much disturbed from its wonted saturnine composure.

"Marquis, what is this I have just heard from the Duchesse de Tarascon? Can it be? You ask military service in this ill-omened war?—you?"

"My dear and best friend," said Alain, very much startled, "I should have thought that you, of all men in the world, would have most approved of my request—you, so devoted an Imperialist—you, indignant that the representative of one of those families which the first Napoleon so eagerly and so vainly courted should ask for the grade of sous-lieutenant in the armies of Napoleon the Third—you, who of all men know how ruined are the fortunes of a Rochebriant—you feel surprised that he clings to the noblest heritage his ancestors have left to him—their sword! I do not understand you."

"Marquis," said Duplessis, seating himself, and regarding Alain with a look in which were blended the sort of admiration and the sort of contempt with which a practical man of the world, who, having himself gone through certain credulous follies, has learned to despise the follies, but retains a reminiscence of sympathy with the fools they bewitch—"Marquis, pardon me; you talk finely, but you do not talk common-sense. I should be extremely pleased if your Legitimist scruples had allowed you to solicit, or rather to accept, a civil appointment not unsuited to your rank, under the ablest sovereign, as a civilian, to whom France can look for rational liberty combined with established order. Such openings to a suitable career you have rejected; but who on earth could expect you, never trained to military service, to draw a sword hitherto sacred to the Bourbons on behalf of a cause which the madness, I do not say of France, but of Paris, has enforced on a sovereign against whom you would fight to-morrow if you had a chance of placing the descendant of Henry IV. on his throne?"

"I am not about to fight for any sovereign, but for my country against the foreigner."

"An excellent answer if the foreigner had invaded your country; but it seems that your country is going to invade the foreigner—a very different thing. *Chut!* all this is discussion most painful to me. I feel for the Emperor a personal loyalty, and for the hazards he is about to encounter a prophetic dread, as an ancestor of yours might have felt for Francis I. could he have foreseen Pavia. Let us talk of ourselves and the effect the war should have upon our individual action. You are aware, of course, that though M. Louvier has had notice of our intention to pay off his mortgage, that intention can not be carried into effect for six months; if the money be not then forth-coming, his hold on Rochebriant remains unshaken. The sum is large."

"Alas! yes."

"The war must greatly disturb the money-market, affect many speculative adventures and operations when at the very moment credit may be most needed. It is absolutely necessary that I should be daily at my post on the *Bourse*, and hourly watch the ebb and flow of events. Under these circumstances, I had counted—permit me to count still—on your presence in *Bretagne*. We have already begun negotiations on a somewhat extensive scale, whether as regards the improvement of forests and orchards, or the plans for building allotments, as soon as the lands are free for disposal. For all these the eye of a master is required. I entreat you, then, to take up your residence at Rochebriant."

"My dear friend, this is but a kindly and delicate mode of relieving me from the dangers of war. I have, as you must be conscious, no practical knowledge of business. Hébert can be implicitly trusted, and will carry out your views with a zeal equal to mine, and with infinitely more ability."

"Marquis, pray neither to Hercules nor to Hébert; if you wish to get your own cart out of the ruts, put your own shoulder to the wheel."

Alain colored high, unaccustomed to be so bluntly addressed, but he replied, with a kind of dignified meekness:

"I shall ever remain grateful for what you have done, and wish to do, for me. But, assuming that you suppose rightly, the estates of Rochebriant would, in your hands, become a profitable investment, and more than redeem the mortgage, and the sum you have paid Louvier on my account, let it pass to you irrespectively of me. I shall console myself in the knowledge that the old place will be restored, and those who honored its old owners prosper in hands so strong, guided by a heart so generous."

Duplessis was deeply affected by these simple words; they seized him on the tenderest side of his character—for his heart was generous, and no one except his lost wife and his loving child had ever before discovered it to be so. Has it ever happened to you, reader, to be appreciated on the one point of the good or great that is in you—on which secretly you value yourself most—but for which nobody, not admitted into your heart of hearts, has given you credit? If that has happened to you, judge what Duplessis felt when the fittest representative of that divine chivalry which, if sometimes deficient in head, owes all that exalts it to riches of heart, spoke thus to the professional money-maker, whose qualities of head were so acknowledged that a compliment to them would be a hollow impertinence, and whose qualities of heart had never yet received a compliment!

Duplessis started from his seat and embraced Alain, murmuring, "Listen to me. I love you—I never had a son—be mine—Rochebriant shall be my daughter's *dot*."

Alain returned the embrace, and then recoiling, said:

"Father, your first desire must be honor for your son. You have guessed my secret—I have learned to love Valérie. Seeing her out in the world, she seemed like other girls, fair and commonplace; seeing her at your house, I have said to myself, 'There is the one girl fairer than all others in my eyes, and the one individual to whom all other girls are commonplace.'"

"Is that true?—is it?"

"True!—does a *gentilhomme* ever lie? And out of that love for her has grown this immovable desire to be something worthy of her—something that may lift me from the vulgar platform of men who owe all to ancestors, nothing to themselves. Do you suppose for one moment that I, saved from ruin and penury by Valérie's father, could be base enough to say to her, 'In return be Madame la Marquise de Rochebriant?' Do you suppose that I, whom you would love and respect as son, could come to you and say, 'I am oppressed by your favors, I am crippled with debts—give me your millions and we are quits?' No, Duplessis! You, so well descended yourself—so superior as man among men that you would have won name and position had you been born the son of a shoe-black—you would eternally despise the noble who, in days when all that we Bretons deem holy in *noblesse* are subjected to ridicule and contempt, should vilely forget the only motto which the scutcheons of all *gentilhommes* have in common, '*Noblesse oblige*.' War, with all its perils and all its grandeur—war lifts on high the banners of France—war, in which every ancestor of mine whom I care to recall aggrandized the name that descends to me. Let me, then, do as those before me have done; let me prove that I am worth something in myself, and then you and I are equals; and I can say with no humbled crest, 'Your benefits are accepted.' The man who has fought not ignobly for France may aspire to the hand of her daughter. Give me Valérie; as to her *dot*, be it so, Rochebriant—it will pass to her children."

"Alain! Alain! my friend! my son!—but if you fall!"

"Valérie will give you a nobler son."

Duplessis moved away, sighing heavily; but he said no more in deprecation of Alain's martial resolves.

A Frenchman, however practical, however worldly, however philosophical he may be, who does not sympathize with the follies of honor—who does not concede indulgence to the hot blood of youth when he says, "My country is insulted and her banner is unfurled," may certainly be a man of excellent common-sense; but if such men had been in the majority, Gaul would never have been France—Gaul would have been a province of Germany.

And as Duplessis walked homeward, he, the calmest and most far-seeing of all authorities on the *Bourse*, the man who, excepting only De Mauléon, most decidedly deemed the cause of the war a blunder, and most forebodingly anticipated its issues, caught the prevalent enthusiasm. Every where he was stopped by cordial hands, every where met by congratulating smiles. "How right you have been, Duplessis, when you have laughed at those who have said, 'The Emperor is ill, decrepit, done up!'"

"*Vive l'Empereur!* at last we shall be face to face with those insolent Prussians!"

Before he arrived at his home, passing along the Boulevards, greeted by all the groups enjoying the cool night air before the cafés, Duplessis had caught the war epidemic.

Entering his hôtel, he went at once to Valérie's chamber. "Sleep well to-night, child: Alain has told me that he adores thee, and if he will go to the war, it is that he may lay his laurels at thy feet. Bless thee, my child! thou couldst not have made a nobler choice."

Whether after these words Valérie slept well or not 'tis not for me to say, but if she did sleep, I venture to guess that her dreams were rose-colored.

CHAPTER VII.

All the earlier part of that next day Graham Vane remained in-doors—a lovely day at Paris, that 8th of July, and with that summer day all hearts which at Paris were in unison. Discontent was charmed into enthusiasm—Belleville and Montmartre forgot the visions of Communism and Socialism, and other isms not to be realized except in some undiscovered Atlantis!

The Emperor was the idol of the day—the names of Jules Favre and Gambetta were by-words of scorn. Even Armand Monnier, still out of work, beginning to feel the pinch of want, and fierce for any revolution that might turn topsy-turvy the conditions of labor—even Armand Monnier was found among groups that were laying *immortelles* at the foot of the column in the Place Vendôme, and heard to say to a fellow-malcontent, with eyes uplifted to the statue of the first Napoleon, "Do you not feel at this moment that no Frenchman can be long angry with the little corporal? He denied *La Liberté*, but he gave *La Gloire*."

Heeding not the stir of the world without, Graham was compelling into one resolve the doubts and scruples which had so long warred against the heart which they ravaged, but could not wholly subdue.

The conversations with Mrs. Morley and Rochebriant had placed in a light in which he had not before regarded it the image of Isaura. He had reasoned from the starting-point of his love for her, and had sought to convince himself that against that love it was his duty to strive.

But now a new question was addressed to his conscience as well as to his heart. What though he had never formally declared to her his affection—never, in open words, wooed her as his own—never even hinted to her the hopes of a union which at one time he had fondly entertained—still it was true that his love had been too transparent not to be detected by her, and not to have led her on to return it?

Certainly he had, as we know, divined that he was not indifferent to her; at Enghien, a year ago, that he had gained her esteem, and perhaps interested her fancy.

We know also how he had tried to persuade himself that the artistic temperament, especially when developed in women, is too elastic to suffer the things of real life to have lasting influence over happiness or sorrow; that in the pursuits in which her thought and imagination found employ, in the excitement they sustained, and the fame to which they conduced, Isaura would be readily consoled for a momentary pang of disappointed affection; and that a man so alien as himself, both by nature and by habit, from the artistic world was the very last person who could maintain deep and permanent impression on her actual life or her ideal dreams. But what if, as he gathered from the words of the fair American—what if, in all these assumptions, he was wholly mistaken? What if, in previously revealing his own heart, he had decoyed hers—what if, by a desertion she had no right to anticipate, he had blighted her future? What if this brilliant child of genius could love as warmly, as deeply, as enduringly as any simple village girl to whom there is no poetry except love? If this were so, what became the first claim on his honor, his conscience, his duty?

The force which but a few days ago his reasonings had given to the arguments that forbade him to think of Isaura became weaker and weaker as now in an altered mood of reflection he resummoned and reweighed them.

All those prejudices—which had seemed to him such rational common-sense truths when translated from his own mind into the words of Lady Janet's letter—was not Mrs. Morley right in denouncing *them* as the crotchets of an insolent egotism? Was it not rather to the favor than to the disparagement of Isaura, regarded even in the man's narrow-minded view of woman's dignity, that this orphan girl could, with character so unscathed, pass through the trying ordeal of the public babble, the public gaze—command alike the esteem of a woman so pure as Mrs. Morley, the reverence of a man so chivalrously sensitive to honor as Alain de Rochebriant?

Musing thus, Graham's countenance at last brightened—a glorious joy entered into and possessed him. He felt as a man who had burst asunder the swathes and trammels which had kept him galled and miserable with the sense of captivity, and from which some wizard spell that took strength from his own superstition had forbidden to struggle.

He was free!—and that freedom was rapture! Yes, his resolve was taken.

The day was now far advanced. He should have just time before the dinner with Duplessis to drive to A——, where he still supposed Isaura resided. How, as his *fiacre* rolled along the well-remembered road—how completely he lived in that world of romance of which he denied himself to be a denizen!

Arrived at the little villa, he found it occupied only by workmen—it was under repair. No one could tell him to what residence the ladies who occupied it the last year had removed.

"I shall learn from Mrs. Morley," thought Graham, and at her house he called in going back; but Mrs. Morley was not at home. He had only just time, after regaining his apartment, to change his dress for the dinner to which he was invited. As it was, he arrived late, and while apologizing to his host for his want of punctuality, his tongue faltered. At the farther end of the room he saw a face, paler and thinner than when he had seen it last—a face across which a something of grief had gone.

The servant announced that "*monsieur* was served."

"Mr. Vane," said Duplessis, "will you take in to dinner Mademoiselle Cicogna?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

On the northeast crest of Malabar Hill, in the Presidency of Madras, are situated the famous Towers of Silence. There are two approaches to the extensive tract of ground on which they are built. From the Gowalia Tank road toward the north a winding avenue of recent construction leads to the gateway at the top, on which is an inscription that none but Parsees may enter there. This prohibition was rendered necessary, it is said, by the unseemly and inconsiderate conduct of those who used formerly to be admitted within the inclosure. The gateway is also reached by a sort of giant staircase, half a mile long, which, starting from the Gaumdavi road close to Back Bay, comes almost straight up the hill.

The visitor, who has obtained permission to disregard the notice at the entrance, will find on passing the portals that he is in a kind of small court-yard, from which he can only advance by mounting some half dozen steps. On the right is the Suggree, a low stone building, open on all sides, in which prayers are offered for the dead. The chief object of having the court-yard lower than the level on which the Suggree is built is to prevent the ceremonies from being profaned by the gaze of unbelieving eyes. When the mourners are numerous they group themselves around the building, and, from its being open, they can, of course, see all that goes on within, and take part in the prayers. The dead, it should be mentioned, are never taken within the Suggree. Between the Suggree and the garden is a large and handsome building, with arched roof, designed to supersede the present Suggree, which is found to be inconveniently small. Passing this new erection, we enter a beautiful garden, ablaze with flowers, among which roses are conspicuous. Along the walks are iron garden-seats of elegant structure and European make. Here the relatives of the dead rest after the toilsome ascent of the basalt staircase, and on subsequent occasions come to pray. Beyond the garden, on the undulating summit of the hill looking toward Malabar Point, is the park-like grass-covered tract in which, at irregular intervals, are the Towers of Silence, where the dead are laid. The towers, of which there are six, are round, and on an average from thirty to forty feet high, and about as much in diameter; one or two are perhaps higher. They are solidly built of stone, the walls being some three feet thick, and they are all colored white. There is no window, and only one door, covering a small aperture about a third of the way up. To this aperture access is obtained by a narrow stone causeway, up which the dead and the bier-bearers alone may venture. So sacred are the towers that no one except the bearers, who are set apart for the purpose, may approach within thirty paces of them. Inside on the rock pavement spaces are marked out, on which the dead are placed to await the vultures, and pathways are marked out for the bearers to walk upon without defiling the place where their unconscious burdens are to rest.

When a Parsee dies his soul goes to heaven, but his body must not be tainted by corruption. Therefore it is at once washed and purified, and if there be yet time it is at once carried to the towers before sundown. If death takes place, however, after, say, three o'clock, when there would not be time to gain the towers and pray becomingly before dark, the body is kept till the early morning. Having been rendered undefiled, it is clothed in white, and prayers are offered at the house by the family and friends. None may henceforth touch it; it is pure, and must so remain. The women of the family take a last look, and the light bier on which it has been placed being covered with a white shroud, it is carried by the bearers to the hill. No vehicle can on any account be used; no one must even follow in a vehicle; the whole journey, no matter what the distance, must be made on foot. All who form part of the *cortége* must have been washed and purified and clothed in white, and to touch any one would be to become defiled. The women in some cases wear mourning—black—but the men never. No woman attends a funeral; the female relatives of the dead always remain at home on that day, but they may go afterward to the garden near the towers to pray.

Carrying the body and following it in procession, holding scarfs passed from one side to the other, those forming the *cortége* wend their way slowly to the foot of the steps leading to the top of the Malabar Hill. Laboriously ascending these, they reach the crest in a quarter of an hour, and the priests go through the sacred ceremonies in the Suggree. Some Parsees consider that the prayers thus rendered have the effect of averting all decomposition or other defilement. When the prayers are over, and those who have come the long and weary journey are somewhat rested, the body is borne to the foot of the causeway leading to the door of one of the towers. Here the face is uncovered, so that all may take a last lingering look; it is covered again, and the form disappears into the tower.

Were there not serious misconceptions to be removed, we would not seek further to penetrate these mysteries; but as stories in which there is more of horror than of fact are rife among those who know absolutely nothing of what really takes place, it is better that the truth should be fully told. The towers are scattered over a large and park-like inclosure, secluded by its elevation from every eye. Outside the lofty wall which encircles the whole space there are hundreds of acres of land, partially cultivated, which the Parsees claim, and which while in their possession they have carefully kept as a sort of neutral territory between the domain of outsiders' bungalows and that of the towers. What goes on inside, therefore, no one can see, and of course no one need be offended at it. It is the imagination alone that is shocked, and it is the more easily shocked from being quite uninformed of what really happens. What happens is this: some fifty vultures make their abode in the lofty palms within the inclosure, and when the dead is deposited in the towers they swoop down, and do not rise again till all the flesh has disappeared. In a few hours none of the body remains except the bones. Those who retail stories about fragments of human bodies being taken up by the vultures and carried outside the park and the surrounding neutral belt, and then being dropped on the roads, are ignorant of the habits of these jackals of the air. On the American pampas, when they alight upon their quarry they are so loath to quit the spot that they are eventually unable to fly from it on the approach of horsemen, who find no difficulty in knocking them over with their whips. Within the towers they are secluded from all disturbance, and those who have watched for the purpose have never seen them come to the top with any substance whatever. It is only when all is over that they come to the summit of the towers, where they remain for hours without moving. Then they take their heavy flight to the palms around; seldom, indeed, do they go beyond the trees in the rough ground outside the vast compound. There is nothing of a sacred character ascribed to these useful but obscene birds. They are regarded simply as a means of preventing decomposition, and in accomplishing that task they perfectly succeed. The consequence is that the grounds about the Towers of Silence have nothing of the hideous taint of the charnel-house. There is not the faintest odor of death to mingle with the perfume of the roses blooming around.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

The recent journey of religious devotion to the shrine of Paray-le-Monial, in Burgundy, by nearly eight hundred English Roman Catholics, with the Duke of Norfolk at their head, has called forth much popular comment in England and in this country. The illustration on page 936 shows the special service held at the Pro-Cathedral, South Kensington, which was attended by large numbers of the pilgrims the day previous to their departure. The building was crowded in every part, and the vestments of the archbishop and the numerous priests, with the high altar ablaze with tapers and richly adorned with flowers, made up a scene of dazzling brilliancy. The service was very impressive, and Dr. Manning preached a most eloquent sermon, declaring that those who could coldly object to the history of Margaret Alacoque would, had they lived in the time of the disciples, have denied that Jesus appeared to Paul on the road to Damascus, or that Stephen saw Him on the right hand of God. The motive for the pilgrimage which they had undertaken was not political, as a blind world had imputed; it was simply a desire to render thanksgiving to Jesus Christ for the tender and fervent love which He has toward men. The doctrine of devotion to the Sacred Heart was as old as the Gospel. The pilgrimage would show the world that they loved Jesus, and that they had faith in the power of prayer. They would pray for the world, once Christian, but